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Contents

The Week 330
Editorials
Can the Reparations Be Settled?..... 333
An Open Letter to Mr. Hoover..... 334
China and the Powers..... 335
General Articles
British Policy in Europe. John Maynard Keynes 337
Moors (Verse)..... Winifred Welles 338
I Struck a Word (Verse).... Joseph Auslander 338
Russia—1923 ..... Fridtjof Nansen 339
The Ku Klux to the Rescue.. Hubert C. Herring 340
Tea with Madame Tchehov..... Stark Young 343
Vacant Lots and Easy Marks.... G. B. L. Arner 344
Correspondence 346
Reviews of Books
A New Humorist..... Stuart Chase 350
The Evolution of Metropolitan Economy..... Harry Elmer Barnes 351
Whither Caillaux? ..... C. M. 352
The Problem of Sovereignty.. W. P. M. Kennedy 352
Reprieve ..... William A. Norris 353
The Innocent and the Opinionated..... G. W. 354
Padraic Colum's Poems..... B. C. C. 354
The Red Garden..... E. R. 354

The Week

OUTSTANDING events of the week in Europe were the Russian reply to Great Britain; British and Italian official comment on the German reparation offer; Poincaré's restatement of the French position; and the assassination of Vorovsky, Soviet representative at Rome, who was negotiating for his country at Lausanne. Russia's reply to Great Britain, as had been predicted in despatches, is on the whole conciliatory. It offers to arbitrate the question of the trawlers, blames non-recognition for misunderstandings and, despite Lord Curzon's stricture against dispute of facts, denies the charges of propaganda in Persia and Waziristan. The Curzon note to Germany sharply criticizes the latter's offer as inadequate in amount and insufficiently guaranteed, and suggests a new proposal at an early date. Meanwhile M. Poincaré reiterates France's determination to stay in the Ruhr until paid, though signs are not lacking that he is seeking hard for some way of retreat, perhaps through an effort to get pensions and separation allowances eliminated, thereby reducing the total to an amount within negotiable distance of the German offer. Essen has been fined 400,000,000 marks, and a number of Krupp directors sent to jail for terms from ten to twenty years each, which is longer than is permitted under either French civil or military law. Lord Robert Cecil for the first time agrees formally to the proposal that the Franco-German imbroglio should be referred to the League of Nations. The latter, incidentally, is being vigorously criticized for conniving at French oppression in the Saar. Political feeling in France is growing warm enough to occasion mob violence against Joseph Caillaux at Toulouse. Correspondence between Cosgrave and de Valera, made public in Ireland, reveals that negotiations looking toward peace have ended in flat failure.

IN the United States, interest has been divided during the past week between the American captives of Chinese bandits, and the varying fortunes of the proposal that we enter the Permanent Court of International Justice. After nearly a week of daily urgent messages from the kidnapped foreigners saying that unless the pursuing troops were withdrawn the bandits would kill their victims, the Chinese government at last agreed to the terms which it was certain from the beginning they must accede to. In the United States, President Harding gained the support of two powerful organizations, the national Chamber of Commerce, and the Federation of Women's Clubs, the latter however couching its resolution in very general terms. The bitter-enders in the Senate have framed six reservations which they hope will prove ruinous to the project—"one sure if another fails." From all sides come assurances that credit inflation is now unlikely, and in support of these predictions the price level obligingly drops a few points from its peak of six weeks ago. The "strike" of buyers of building has halted operations involving $100,000,000 or more, and has been sufficiently effective to bring angry protests from labor in the trades affected. While our representatives are urging Mexico to guarantee private property rights in such form as to make recognition possible, Canada, undiscouraged by the failure a few years ago, again proposes reciprocity. Mr. Daugherty's injunction has failed, and sugar is no cheaper.

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MR. W. B. FIELDING, Canadian Minister of Finance, is author of the proposal for a modicum of trade reciprocity with the United States. If President Harding will reduce by 50 percent the duties on cattle, wheat, flour, oats, barley, potatoes, onions, turnips, hay and fish, as he has the authority to do under the flexible provisions of the tariff law, Canada will make appropriate reductions on the same articles. The suggestion is worth considering. No revolutionary results in commerce would follow the lowering of barriers to trade in these commodities. We are not Canada's natural market for such products, nor is Canada our natural market. The border trade all along the three thousand mile frontier would benefit, in some cases very materially. The chief value of such an arrangement is that it might serve as an entering wedge for a more thoroughgoing plan of reciprocity. Both Canada and the United States would prosper better if all restrictions on trade between them were removed.

THE British note to Russia threatening to break off the existing commercial relations presents grievances that would be adequate to explain similar action by our own amateur State Department, but wholly inadequate for an experienced diplomatic organization like the British Foreign Office. The complaint of propaganda in Asia is old stuff; the reception given to British communications concerning Vicar General Butchkavitch was no more insolent than many Turkish notes the British have swallowed without straining. The seizure of trawlers off the Murmansk coast is more serious, yet the legal argument is not so simple as the British Foreign Office would have us believe. We seem compelled to search further for an explanation of the tone of the British note. And we shall probably find it in the general system of Franco-British relations. France and England have three great problems to solve in common: the Ruhr, Turkey and Russia. Under Lloyd George Russia was withdrawn from the field of common action. Since his fall there have been serious strains on the Entente both in Turkey and in the Ruhr. The Bonar Law government is trying to reconstitute the Entente. What could possibly be more natural than to try to find a pretext for breaking off with Russia, in order to play again with France?

POINCARÉ, as lecturer on history and preacher of moralities, is the most entertaining actor of the European stage. France, he says, has known the Germans for nineteen hundred years, and they have not changed. War is their national industry and peace is only an armistice between wars. It may be so. But since the days of Caesar Germans have been steadily crossing the Rhine, and the Slavs have been pressing as steadily into Germany from the east, until it is a fair estimate that there is more real, old German blood in France than in Germany. There is probably as much of it in Poincaré's veins as in Hindenburg's or Tirpitz's. That may account for the military history of France, which has never been exactly quiet. Poincaré's moralities are equally two-edged. The Germans, he complains, cynically repudiate the solemn obligations accepted at Versailles. True, and those obligations are based on the cynical repudiation of the solemn obligations entered upon by France when she accepted the pre-armistice agreement. Crookedness and hypocrisy are not vices peculiar to any nation, but universal diplomatic virtues.

TECHNICALLY there is apparently no political significance in the assassination of the Russian ambassador to Italy, M. Vorovsky. He was killed in revenge by a Russian emigré who asserts that his father and uncle were killed by the Soviet government. They may have been; at all events the excuse will be accepted by enemies of the Soviet government everywhere and the assassin will be treated as a hero, instead of as the flashy criminal he is. It is in this attitude toward the assassin and his deed, reflected in the reactionary press everywhere, that the chief political significance of the event lies. According to a Times dispatch, the assassination is regarded in Rome as the beginning of a "true world-wide crusade to save Russia." Rome is a great fountain head of delusions, and the crusade need not be taken too seriously. But it is not astonishing that Moscow takes it seriously. The propaganda going on in Western Europe for the overthrow of the Soviet government is more desperate, more unscrupulous, than any Bolshevik propaganda against the Western governments ever was.

THE Swiss government appears to be embarrassed by the assassination. It ought to be embarrassed. It was culpably negligent in failing to afford protection to the Russian representative, although it knew that there were plots against his life. The excuse that he deserved no more protection than an ordinary tourist because he had not been officially invited to the Lausanne Conference is an excuse that will not wash. If the United States sends an unofficial observer to an international conference to which we are not a party, we expect full protection, in recognition of the fact that our representative is clothed with our national power and dignity. The representatives of the Allied powers at Lausanne have also been indecently slow in expressing their regrets. The only representative who has observed the proprieties is Ismet Pasha, who in his own name and in that of the members of the Turkish delegation expresses regret at the death of "a representative of a great

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and friendly power." It is not the first instance in which the Turkish representatives have shown themselves more civilized than those of the Western powers.

WE have been bitterly denounced by some of our correspondents because we hold the view that the prosecution of Church dignitaries by the Soviet government represents, not a war against religion but a war against the Church—essentially a political, not a religious organization. Our view finds confirmation in an unexpected quarter, J. L. Garvan of the London Observer, who is as good a Bolshevik baiter as any. The treatment of the churches, he declares, is "pure tyranny, but the political motive is the mainspring, not the atheistical."

JUDGE H. P. HEFLIN, sitting in Birmingham, Alabama, last week sentenced three of the editors of the Birmingham Post to a day in jail for contempt of court. Their offence was printing a news article about a man accused of murder, stating that he had previously been held on another charge, a statement which the court held was prejudicial to the defendant. Far more serious is the case of G. V. Sanders, editor of the Memphis Press, who has been fined $300 and costs for violation of the federal injunction against the striking railway shopmen last summer. The case will be appealed, and we hope will be carried to the highest court. Mr. Sanders's offence was the publication of an editorial entitled The King Forbids, which the government held "was calculated to create disrespect for the court." The importance of the precedent here created is obvious; if Mr. Daugherty can at any moment secure an injunction in a labor dispute or any other matter, and thereby automatically put an end to all discussion in the press except in terms completely laudatory of his action he has indeed acquired a power which Caesar might have envied.

AS Mr. Daugherty's sugar injunction is thrown out of court and the price rises again, Mayor Hylan of New York proclaims "Sweetless Mondays" in a forlorn effort to reinforce the housewives' boycott which, despite the acres of ink spilled in its behalf by Mr. Hearst, seems to have had little tangible result except a drop of a few points for a few days. It is next to impossible to persuade easy-going Americans to cooperate in sufficient numbers or for a sufficient length of time to create more than a local, temporary surplus of any product. "Buyers' strikes," such as that of 1920-21, usually come after the market has turned and prices have begun to fall, or when certain products have soared so high as to be really unobtainable by the average purchaser. Despite the fact that the world supply of and demand for sugar in no way justify the present price, the housewife who remembers twenty cents a pound a few years ago evidently does not intend to stir herself greatly to combat a cost only half as large.

FLORIDA will redeem herself, it appears certain, from the disgrace of working prisoners, many of them guilty of trivial offences, under the lash. The lower house of the Legislature, by a vote of 61 to 8, has passed a bill forbidding the whipping of either state or county prisoners. The upper house first passed a bill forbidding the whipping of county prisoners, and of state prisoners for a period of two years, and then under pressure of public opinion amended its bill to abolish whippings in both cases "forever."

WITH the lash abolished, Florida will be abreast of the rest of the American states in her treatment of prisoners. But we wonder whether the public spirited citizens of Florida will be content with that. Is it not possible, now that the whole state is thinking about the problem, to put through the Legislature a measure constituting a commission of the ablest men and women in the state to consider the whole subject of the administration of criminal justice? The system in general use is costly and inefficient. It does not do what a rational society should long since have insisted on—salvage as much as possible of the human wreckage that passes through the courts. Neither does it protect society against the habitual and professional criminal. Florida has handled the problem more inhumanly than most states. Might she not regard it as a compensatory obligation to find better and more humane methods than the other states practise?

AN American Historical Revue and Motion Picture Exposition is to be held in Los Angeles, California, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Monroe Doctrine. Just so!—except that it seems unfair discrimination not to include Child Welfare, Leif Ericson, the Barbizon school, and organic evolution.

MISS AUGUSTA SAVAGE is an American girl who has shown unusual ability as a sculptress. Under the patronage of the French government a party of American students has been assembled to study at the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts, and it was planned that Miss Savage should be a member of the party. A committee of eight eminent American architects, painters and sculptors stepped in, however, and submitted her to the humiliation of a refusal to endorse her application. Did they find reason to object to her morals or manners? Not at all. Do they regard her artistic endowment as inferior? If so, they failed to say so. They have but one reason for closing the door of opportunity in Miss Savage's face: she is a Negress.

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Can the Reparations Be Settled?

THE notes are all in. Germany has spoken and France, England and Italy have replied. And apparently the deadlock is as far from being resolved as ever.

Yet there is a glimmer of light in the British note. While expressing his grave disappointment with the terms of the German offer, Lord Curzon explicitly acknowledges that it was given in response to his suggestion. Further, he issues what amounts to a direct invitation to the Germans to try again, and intimates that they had better leave out "irrelevant or controversial issues." Most important of all, he offers asurance that "his Majesty's government will, at a suitable moment, be ready to take part by the side of its allies, with whom they share a practical interest in this question, which they have no intention to abandon, as well as a desire to terminate a situation of international peril." There is no mistaking the meaning of these words. The hands-off policy is approaching its end. Germany, and France too, will have to reckon with England.

This would mean little if the mood of the nations were the same as it was five years ago, when no statesman would have dared to approach a realistic solution. But there are many signs that not even the French are absolutely averse to compromise. The press dispatches from Paris, notably those signed by Mr. Edwin L. James, who is usually good authority on French official views, indicate that Poincaré is prepared to consider dropping the pension item out of the reparations account and limiting the demands on Germany to the repair and replacement of damaged property. Such a procedure would have the huge advantage of placing the reparations bill on a sound moral foundation. Inclusion of pensions was an act of fraud and force and has morally justified the Germans in every act of evasion they have employed. It would further reduce the sum to practicable proportions. What France has spent on reconstruction, together with what she will have to spend before the work is finished, amounts to a hundred billion paper francs, or between seven and eight billion dollars in gold. Four billion would cover the legitimate reconstruction expenses of the other Allies. Deducting two billion and a half, which Germany has already paid, the sum still due would amount to between nine and ten billion dollars. Germany could pay that sum, if she were liberated from interference and discrimination, and actually had the will to pay it. If the indemnity had been fixed at this figure at the time of the signing of the Treaty, when Germany's credit was good, much of it might have been raised through a foreign loan. But that is spilt milk. Some other method of giving reality to the obligation will have to be found.

The Ruhr fiasco has proved that military intervention is not the method. That may hurt Germany but will not pay France. But there is a hint in Chancellor Cuno's note that offers a possibility. That is the employment of the credit of German business. Chancellor Cuno merely proposed that the big industrialists should be bound by long term contracts to export goods to yield credits for the indemnity. We think that a far more promising plan can be devised.

What we should propose is that the German government be required to turn over to an international trusteeship preference shares in the stock of every German corporation. The income on the aggregate of shares thus surrendered should be sufficient to cover amply the interest and sinking fund on the indemnity, when the German industrial machine is again in full operation. No voting power would go with the trusteed shares. They would pay dividends when there were profits to share. There would of course be definite stipulations as to what part of a corporation's net income would have to be set aside for dividends. But the determination of the facts would be no more difficult than in the case of a corporation tax.

It would, of course, be definitely understood that the German government, or private German investors, would be permitted to redeem shares from the trustees' hands, by paying their original appraised value. The Germans could leave the burden where it rested in the first instance, or shift it to the taxpayers, as they pleased. They could be as dilatory as they pleased in recovering national control of their corporate shares. We believe that they would be prompt and energetic about it. They would have every inducement to pay, as now they have every inducement to evade.

Such a solution would satisfy the legitimate pecuniary claims of France. She would not be content with it, so long as she was under obligation to pay her debts to England and America. But England would be willing to cancel her claims on France, in return for continental peace. The United States could hardly hold out for payment if England adopted the plan of cancellation.

But how about the problem of security for France? With the left bank of the Rhine demilitarized, France is as secure as she can expect to be. Without forces and fortifications on the west of the Rhine, the Ruhr is not defensible, in these days of aerial war. The restoration of industry in the Ruhr would be a pledge against calculated aggression by Germany. A war of revenge, blind and mad, is another thing. The only security against such a war is a prompt settlement of the issues which make every German lust for French blood. Such a settlement is now practicable, given sufficient intelligence and courage on both sides.

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An Open Letter to Mr. Hoover

WHAT you are accustomed to hearing, Mr. Hoover, is the language of appeal. We are presenting not an appeal, but a challenge. It is, however, a friendly challenge. You are a man of action. We are challenging you to act, to meet an evil that you recognize as clearly as we do, and to which you impute an even greater absolute gravity.

We refer to the devastating alternation of inflation and deflation, of prosperity that proves in the end a sham and depression that remains a reality. You are well aware that the business cycle of feast and famine was unknown before the era of private initiative. It is a disease peculiar to the scheme of life for which you are the foremost living apologist. It is as characteristically capitalistic as leprosy is human. And like leprosy, it looks like an incurable disease. As you know, it is the chief count in the Socialistic indictment of the system. From the days of Rodbertus and Marx to the present time, hardly a single Socialistic book or pamphlet has appeared which has not drawn the conclusion that the crisis will be the death of the present system. And the argument has convinced millions. How could it have failed to do so? For at least a year or two in every decade millions go workless and on short rations although there is no lack of materials, machinery, or human needs to satisfy. The Satanic elusiveness of the evil is enough to unsettle the faith even of those who want to believe in the fundamental goodness of the system which you, Mr. Hoover, revere.

Your temperament, happily, is that of a physician, who recognizes the obligation to find a cure, not that of a theologian, who assumes the obligation of extracting a moral from evil. You do not orate of the virtues of abstemiousness, humility, industry, which the theological defenders of capitalism falsely impute to the effects of depression. Instead, you prescribe remedies. That is the beginning of wisdom. But you will grant that every prescription for public ills ought to be scrutinized on the point of adequacy. Are you prescribing, for this capitalistic leprosy, chalmagoodra oil, well tested and approved by experience, or ginseng, a foot shaped root for a diseased foot, a root like a jaw for a jaw eaten away by the disease? Or are you prescribing bread pills?

We stand now at the beginning of the upward turn of the cycle. As with many fevers, the first stages are pleasant. We feel peculiarly light, and imaginative. We bite our thumbs at Old Doctor Grim Care, and even our recently diplomaed Dr. Hoover. The doctors we like to patronize in our present condition are those who tell us that the flush on our cheeks means health. You, Mr. Hoover, know better. You have proved it by urging the postponement of public and semi-public building. You have further proved it by pointing to the menace of our billion dollar excess of gold reserves—a standing invitation to credit expansion. Even such gently worded warnings have created general murmuring. Your news clipping service sufficiently informs you that thousands of your patients are painfully surprised that Mr. Hoover should knock, instead of boosting. You have also noted the great popularity of the quacks who pronounce our business condition fundamentally and irremediably sound. You do not like criticism, and your present attitude is that of a conscientious physician who is trying to explain that he did not mean his warnings to excite extreme alarm. We do not blame you. That is human.

But just the same, you know perfectly well that the boosters are dead wrong in their diagnosis of perfect health. You know that the fever is rising. You know that the billion of surplus reserves is not going to lie idle indefinitely. It is looking for its proper superstructure of credit, and will find it, in spite of pious resolutions, or even Chamber of Commerce resolutions. You know there isn't much in your shadowy hope that the turn in the balance of trade will relieve us of our surplus gold before it has a chance to work credit expansion. There is not a single European nation that is in the market for gold for reserves, nor is one likely to appear soon. If Europe can manage to turn the balance appreciably in her favor—a big if—she has billions of floating debt to pay off, besides the interest and sinking fund on her permanent debts. She will clear those off before she will ask for gold. In the meantime our volume of legitimate transactions will steadily increase. We shall build the superfluous gold into our price structure and prepare ourselves for the crash.

You know this perfectly, Mr. Hoover. You have diagnosed the malady and have prescribed for it. You urge us to postpone construction. The government, the Y. M. C. A. and Columbia University listen to you. There are other listeners, and the net result is a slack of two percent in building projects—a slack somebody else will take up. You urge us to treat the excess in gold reserves as a sort of trust fund, for later export. Not even the Federal Reserve Board has the power to withstand the pressure of sound paper an expanding business naturally produces. Your prescriptions, Mr. Hoover, are ginseng and bread pills.

Yet there is not a man living who has a healthier detestation of quackery than you have, Mr. Hoover. There is not a man who draws a sharper distinction between work and knitting. You did real work in Belgium, in post-war and Russian relief. You have since learned to knit, but we surmise that you do not like it. Why not put your shoulder to the one big job that needs to be done, if the system of private business which you idealize is not to batter itself to pieces on the rocks? That job is the stabilization of the price structure.

Look at the problem as an engineer would—

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that is, as you would, if nobody had put astigmatic political spectacles on you. Was there any reason why we should have sat by, passively, while the gold of all the world flowed into our ports, to confuse all our commercial transactions by shifting the basis of prices? If it had been water, you would not have held out your hands and practised incantations on it. You would have received it with impounding dams, and held it in reserve for a later period of drouth. Why did you not recommend that coinage of gold be suspended and reserve quality denied to gold not coined into American dollars? The foreign gold would have come, just the same, but it would have been warehoused, like any other superfluous commodity, and held for export. You would not have been issuing an appeal to all whom it may concern to treat the gold as a trust fund for export. It would inevitably have been so treated.

Such a plan would mean that gold coined in dollars would command for the time a price superior to gold in bars or foreign coins. And that would be regarded as a great evil by financiers who suppose that the monetary Utopia was reached when the gold standard was adopted. Well, the discrepancy in value could be avoided by the stabilization of the gold dollar in terms of purchasing power. You are familiar with Professor Fisher's plan of stabilization. As an engineer, Mr. Hoover, can you advance a single solid reason why the plan would not work?

We are not convinced, as you are, Mr. Hoover, of the all sufficiency of private enterprise. Big things, we admit, have been done under the impulse of profit seeking, but the biggest thing that has been done in our time was entirely stripped of this motive. We refer to Belgian relief, under Herbert Hoover. We believe that big things may be done in times of peace without an appeal to the profiteer. The capitalistic system has, in our eyes, so many defects, and such radical ones, that it is bound in time to be displaced. But we wish to see it displaced after a fair trial, not racked to pieces by the needless fluctuations in prices. You, Mr. Hoover, believe in the capitalistic system. You wish to assure its permanence. You have, then, infinitely more reason than we have for desiring stability in the price structure. You could put the country in the way of securing it. Then why, in Heaven's name, do you stick to your knitting, instead of applying your immense energy and authority to the real job?

China and the Powers

FROM the moment the Chinese bandits held up the Peking express and kidnapped the passengers, it was inevitable that demands should follow for intervention of the great powers to put an end to the existing situation of chaos. Such demands have indeed been made repeatedly in recent years; the only novelty is the mention of the League of Nations. The proposals are chiefly motivated, not by fear for the safety of the lives of foreigners in China, but by apprehension over the security of foreign loans to the Peking government, foreign investments in China and, most important of all, the welfare of foreign trade.

It is a fact, and a deplorable one from every point of view, that despite the Washington Conference which was believed even by the Chinese to have ameliorated the situation of their country, political conditions have grown steadily worse and economic conditions are at least no better. At present, the Peking government is substantially bankrupt, and is kept alive by only two things: first, the fact that it inherited the recognition of the Western powers, and second, the approval and suzerainty of the successful war lord, Wu Pei-fu, who has, temporarily at least, defeated his two most formidable enemies, Chang Tso-lin, the general from Manchuria who is popularly supposed to have had Japanese backing, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen, whose Canton government has enlisted the admiration and sympathy of so many Americans. There is good reason to believe that the Linching bandits who carried off the foreigners were directed by one of Chang Tso-lin's lieutenants and that the enterprise was partially intended to demonstrate the weakness of Marshal Tsao Kun, in charge of the Chihli district for the Peking government. But it is not necessary to go thus far afield to find ample explanation for the kidnapping. The general situation in China is sufficient not only to explain it but to make one marvel that incidents of this sort have not been far more numerous.

To understand Chinese conditions today one must think both in terms of the United States between the Revolutionary War and 1789, and of Mexico at the time when Pancho Villa was ravaging her northern states. The overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, Yuan Shi-kai's attempt to secure the throne for himself, the Japanese pressure and the weakness resulting from the spheres of European influence, have produced a political chaos which to Western eyes seems quite appalling, though it is regarded somewhat more calmly by the average Oriental. The military governors, or Tuchuns, control their provinces by force of personality and by their armies. The latter are mercenaries in the strictest sense, who fight because in overcrowded China they can get nothing else to do. They receive about $3.50 (American) a month, and their food, but often the former, and sometimes even the latter, are not forthcoming, and they prey upon the countryside in order to keep from starving.

Thus soldiers become bandits, and vice versa, with the greatest readiness, and whenever the central government gives signs of having any surplus

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funds in its coffers, it is put under heavy pressure to put numbers of bandits on its payroll. Although the terms of the Washington Conference included an agreement that China would reduce her armies, this has not been done. On the contrary, they have been increased in the manner just indicated; and one of the conditions of the Linching kidnappers is that they be taken into the army. That these conditions exist in this particular locality, so near the coast, is due in part to the withdrawal of the Japanese forces from Shantung province last year and in part to the defeat of Chang Tso-lin which has left the territory a no-man's-land.

The Peking government is struggling feebly against a burden of debt which, while it would not be serious for another country—it is about one American dollar for each inhabitant, or less than one two-hundredth of the national debt of the United States—is far beyond the ability of China to meet. The Tuchuns collect local taxes in their respective provinces, but they are not so foolish as to send this money to Peking for the coffers of a government which, if it ever got strong enough, would make its first business their extermination. The only reliable revenues of the government are all under quasi-, or actual foreign control—the customs, the salt tax, and the profits from the state-owned railways. One of the immediate grievances of the foreigners is the attempt to use some of these revenues in the payment of unsecured domestic debt, instead of the formally protected foreign debt. The fact that numerous loans have been forced upon China against her will, and that a large part of the money received—perhaps as much as half—went into the pockets of corrupt officials, does not alter the situation.

The most common error of Americans is to suppose that the transformation of China to a Western type of civilization would be welcomed either by her leaders or the masses of her people. Nothing of the kind, of course, is true. Many intelligent Chinamen look upon us with scorn as upstarts whose ancestors were "painting themselves blue in the swamps of Western Europe" when Chinese art, literature and science were already thousands of years old. They dispute our claim that the Western world knows better than the East how to produce the greatest happiness for the greatest number. They observe with well-justified scorn and anger that for a hundred years hardly a single act of the Western powers toward China except perhaps America's renunciation of her share of the Boxer indemnity, has had other than the most sordid, selfish motives.

China is as anti-foreign today as at any time since the Boxer rebellion. While the government schools have performed wonders in growing from nothing in 1905 to an enrollment of 4,500,000 today, at least 90 percent of China's 400,000,000 or so are still illiterate. The new educational system has not yet succeeded in raising the moral standards of the officials, among whom bribery and theft of government funds are still rampant. Neither has it had any effect on the curse of narcotics which, according to the best available evidence, is now of appalling proportions, and rapidly increasing. The testimony of competent American observers is that religion has little real hold on the people of China today; and the "Young China" movement is reported to be definitely anti-religious, though its ethical ideal of service to the common good is high and the personal devotion and self-sacrifice among its leaders are extraordinary.

If China is to be "saved," it is clear that in the long run the effort must come from within. Intervention by the powers, to be effective, would need to be on such an enormous scale that its cost, in men and money, would be prohibitive. Such an effort would unite the Chinese of all classes in opposition as firm as was that of the Russians to the French and British "counter-revolutionary" campaigns. If the Peking government survives the new campaign of Chang Tso-lin this summer, it ought to be able, without great difficulty, to patrol the main lines of travel and prevent the kidnapping of any more foreigners. Japan has definitely decided that the good will of Europe and America are of more value to her than the economic advantage of a too ruthless and open exploitation of China, especially since that policy brought down upon her the nation-wide boycott of Japanese goods. While the republican experiment is still too young in China to have proved itself, there is no evidence that the temper of the people is such as to make it impracticable. The best aid the powers can extend to China is to give the forces which are at work in the Young China movement a chance to express themselves in her national life through an increase in education, and especially in the training of Chinese men and women in American and European colleges; through the fight against the opium traffic, and through the attempt to animate Chinese officialdom with those ideals which are preached, if they are not always practised, in the Western world.

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British Policy in Europe

EVER since 1919 it has been easy to show that the European policy of Great Britain has broken pledges, has treated with duplicity friends and enemies alike, and has been expressed in terms of fudge and make-believe. But one question still remained open: Do such tactics pay?

At last we have the answer. Our tactics have got us nothing—neither reparations, nor European peace, nor trustworthy friends, nor prestige, nor security, nor the realization of any national interest or any national ideal. It is a long time since the foreign policy of England has come so completely to grief as under Mr. Lloyd George's second administration from 1919 to 1922. Mr. Bonar Law, without the strength to construct a new policy, can only brood, sceptical and helpless, amidst the ruins. All the more reason why those party leaders who are free from personal responsibility for the events of the last three years should acquire clear utterance, and breathe new life and strength into their declarations of policy. Is not the time ripe, through the fulfillment of events and the progress of opinion, for a new and sharp statement of the aims and methods of British policy in Europe? It is not sufficient to mention the League of Nations. We want to know, for example, from Lord Grey, not merely that he would refer the Ruhr question to the League, but what steps he would wish the League to take were this done.

I submit that as a preliminary the following simple principles are worth attention.

First, we must be extremely cautious and realistic in our estimates of what is possible or likely. Apart from other faults, the outstanding weakness of the Peace Treaties of 1919 was the assumption underlying them that the balance of power and the harmony of aim existing on the day of the armistice were *permanent;* whereas it should have been obvious to any sensible person that, when the war establishments had been demobilized, the balance of effective power would be totally disarranged, and that, to judge from all previous experience, the national policies of England, France, and Italy would soon diverge. The Turkish Treaty of Sèvres may have been the most extreme instance of the miscalculation of military forces; and the Austrian Treaty of St. Germain, of the disregard of economic possibilities. But it was scarcely less wide of the mark to assume in the Treaty of Versailles that we could attain our object without, in some degree, the voluntary cooperation of Germany herself; or that it would be in the general interest to disarm Germany, yet to leave France with the largest army ever known in Europe in a time of peace.

The same type of error, however, is being made now by friends of my own way of thinking, the tone of whose complaints against British inaction seems to imply that we have much more power to put pressure on France than is actually the case. That a series of mistakes has, for the time being, reduced our European influence to the vanishing point, is the only, but in a sense the unanswerable, defence of Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Curzon. "Benevolent impotence," says Mr. Asquith. "Just so," replies Mr. Bonar Law, "I *am* impotent"—a complete, a triumphant retort! For Mr. Bonar Law is never more at his ease than when he can say, without fear of contradiction, that the position is perfectly hopeless.

But whilst we are nearly, we are not quite, helpless. Our diplomatic problem consists in discovering what effective weapons we have and in calculating their exact strength. These certainly do not lie in the direction of using, or even mentioning, measures of force. It follows that they are limited to offering, or withholding, economic and financial inducements, and above all to leading and mobilizing the public opinion of the world.

The suggestion of economic and financial inducements leads to my second point. We must seldom allow our practical policy to stray too far from the solid national interests. This is the hardest doctrine of all for high-spirited idealists. There are occasions when a nation can be quixotic; but only when its emotions are unusually stirred and unusually united. It is useless to frame a foreign policy on the assumption that it is our mission to set the whole world right. Intervention without a united force of public opinion behind it will be half-hearted and that is the one thing which an effective foreign policy must never be. But the idealists need not be discouraged. There is plenty to occupy them in stripping away the false ornament from bogus national interests and discovering the real ones. More harm comes because national foreign policies are shoddy than because they are selfish. Moreover, in this particular case it is possible to prove, I think, that for Great Britain to offer certain economic and financial inducements to France *is* in her national interest.

The importance of influencing the opinion of the world enforces my third and fourth points. Our speech must be frank and in cool relation to the facts. This is not only agreeable in itself, but pays outrageously. In the huge arena of foreign politics, where *everything* sooner or later is found to be somewhere on the vast carpet, it is prudent to dismiss altogether the hope of universal deception. Even though opinion at home can be deceived by propaganda, which plays on popular sentiment and encourages what it pleases people to believe, it is quite impossible to do the same thing abroad —to make Germans believe that they could pay

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untold reparation, and Americans that it would be sound finance to lend large sums to Germany, and Russians that it would enrich them to pay the debts of the old régime. A country which hopes to influence the opinion of the world must take great pains to ensure that its public declarations are very accurate and conform exactly to the facts.

Recent legends, anyhow, have done nothing but harm. The injury inflicted on Europe by the Grand Reparation Legend is incalculable. Looking back, we can see that the policy pursued from 1919-22, of steadily reducing the dimensions of the legend, but of never abandoning it in favor of the plain truth, has not worked well. With another legend—the Grand International Loan—which still possesses great powers of deception, I will deal in a later article. But there are also other legends, derived from the sentiments, natural during the war, as to the wholly virtuous intentions of all our Allies and the wholly depraved characters of all our enemies.

Speaking the other day in the House of Lords about the French invasion of the Ruhr, Lord Grey said: "All of us sympathize with the aims and the justice of the objects which France has in view." I suspect ingredients here from at least two legends —a legend that there is amongst Englishmen the same nearly unanimous sympathy with France as there was five years ago, and a legend as to the character of French aims. Doubtless Lord Grey was partly influenced in his choice of words by diplomatic manners and a desire to avoid the appearance of criticizing a friendly country. But in so far as his words were not conventional, is Lord Grey confident that he knows what the aims of France really are, and that these aims include nothing with which he does not sympathize? Must we not penetrate beyond these phrases if we are to think out a foreign policy truly expressive of our national purpose? Lord Grey's opinions are very important to Liberals, and we are bound to scan his words closely if we are to know where the party stands.

Fourthly, we must return to the path of legality (i. e., it must not be sufficient, where the party is helpless, to concoct a just plausible case for departing from the probable meaning of an engagement). This is an indispensable preliminary to regaining the confidence of impartial world opinion. As an earnest of our good intentions, we must, therefore, do what we can to repair the two most signal instances of doubtful faith towards Germany—the claim of reparation for war pensions, and the invasion of the Ruhr. We should formally renounce our claims to war pensions, and state plainly that, in our judgment, the Franco-Belgian invasion of the Ruhr is not countenanced by the most probable interpretation of the meaning and intention of the Treaty of Versailles. In a sense, such declarations would not make much difference. But in another sense they would, made with the whole authority of the British Commonwealth, have an extraordinary importance. At the least, they would do a little to restore respect for the due observance of legal form between nations—a respect which must be preserved and magnified, if projects of disarmament and the settlement of international disputes by peaceable procedure are ever to be practicable ideals. At present, eminent statesmen, even when they suspect that Germany may have been treated with bad faith, think it injudicious to say so emphatically. Is not this attitude inconsistent with advocacy of a League of Nations régime, in which the nations of Europe are to allow their security and just interests mainly to depend upon written engagements instead of their own armed strength? The supine attitude of other countries towards the question whether or not the Franco-Belgian invasion of the Ruhr is a just and lawful procedure seems to me more damaging to the objective of disarmament and arbitration than the fact of the invasion itself.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

[This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Keynes on current political and economic problems. The second will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.]

Moors

Thin landlord of a scattering estate,
The sea's soil is the one I understand.
There is in me no steamy loam of land,
Compacted for one purpose, love or hate.
But particles that will not integrate,
That slip, minute Saharas, from the hand,
Grained to disperse—in such uneasy sand
My mind confronts its own most colorless trait.

Few are the vagabonds whose gray shoes bless
My blurred roads leading nowhere—save the sea—
Yet, in my weedy shade, those few will stay
Whole summers long, and take deep breaths of me,
As if to drink my thirst, and carry away
Sweet-smelling armfuls of my dreariness.

WINIFRED WELLES.

I Struck A Word

If you have earth to work with, you will make
Pitchers and plates and things that you can trust;
But if you work with words or wings they break
Leaving you desperate amid their dust.
Give me the certainty of metal, bronze
Or iron, and I will hammer them to shape:
These have fixed areas and environs
And when you strike them they do not escape.

But in a foolish moment, flushed with dreams,
I scratched my fingernail on the Mad Lamp:
And now I cannot sleep because the screams
Of cheated ghosts invade my lonely camp;
I struck a word, and now that word becomes
Keener than lance-tips, deadlier than drums.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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Russia—1923

I. Education

BEFORE the revolution the great universities of Russia were important centres of culture, but it must be admitted that intellectual life under the Tsar's régime was extremely artificial, and could not be regarded as a normally developed sociological phenomenon.

While the masses were plunged in profound ignorance, the aristocracy and the wealthy bourgeoisie, in touch with foreign countries, assumed a borrowed culture, often very distinguished, but as a rule extremely superficial. Russia gave to the world great men of science and brilliant authors, but her unbending and suspicious autocracy did not allow the intellectual life of the nation to develop freely. Only a small minority had access to the world of ideas, and even they became objects of suspicion as soon as any independent spirit of investigation prompted them to criticize the social or religious organization of the country. The fierce longing for education and liberty which tortured the country induced thousands of students to emigrate; they went to study at foreign universities, where they lived often in circumstances of great material hardship and want. While the Russian universities showed an indulgent tolerance toward the laziness of the young nobles who honored them by their attendance, sons of the peasants and workers had no opportunity for education even if they showed special intellectual aptitude.

A New Educational Policy

But the revolution brought about as complete a reversal of the situation in education as in the sphere of economic organization. Compulsory free elementary education was proclaimed. An attempt was made to organize continuation and higher grade schools open to all young people who could profit by them, and only to them; mental capacity and work alone were to be taken into account.

Under the administration of M. Lunacharsky, People's Commissary for Public Instruction, a large number of elementary schools were set up, and an effort was made to introduce in them the latest educational methods. These schools were the first step in the educational ladder, being compulsory, in theory, for four years. One sixth of the best pupils were to be chosen from the elementary schools to continue their studies in a higher grade for five years, entering there upon more or less specialized studies in the divisions of industry, agriculture, etc. Then they were to arrive at the university, where the teaching of languages, literature and philosophy was reduced to a minimum in favor of the applied sciences, and particularly of political and social studies, where, as we know, the Marxian was the official school.

In order to make it immediately possible for the workers to obtain higher education, however, a "workers' faculty" (Raffak) was created at each university, where young people between eighteen and thirty years of age might study. These students were elected from the factories and workshops on account of their ability, and their training was financed by the state. Twenty-five percent of them were to be chosen by the Communist party, while 75 percent were to be elected by various government bodies without political prejudice.

Fatal Handicaps

So gigantic a program as this was of course doomed to failure. Many elementary schools were opened, but for lack of means the majority of them were incapable of doing useful work. The teachers were very irregularly paid, and with long delays, because of which they suffered considerable loss due to the rapid fall of the rouble exchange. And what can the most self-sacrificing teacher do when his pupils have neither pencils, nor copybooks, nor slates and slate-pencils, and books are few and far between? Moreover the war, civil strife, and the famine in 1921 left entirely to the care of the state millions of orphan or abandoned children—1,300,000 in the famine-ravaged districts alone. Inadequately as these little creatures were fed and clothed in the Soviet asylums, their care nevertheless constituted a huge expense for the central and local authorities. Foreign relief, especially the great American organization (A. R. A.) under the direction of Mr. Hoover, was of great assistance in meeting this urgent need.

But meanwhile the number of elementary schools in Russia has decreased so greatly that there are even fewer now than under the Tsar's régime. Desperate letters have come to me from Russian teachers whose schools had been closed for lack of funds. In a few special cases I have helped and my organization is trying to send to Russia a little of the sorely-needed school material, but much money must be devoted to a work which has so important a bearing on the future of Russia.

The organization and operation of the schools has now been placed under the local authorities again—one step in the direction of financial decentralization, parallel with the general tendency of the new economic policy. It was the only way to save some of them; but it does not prevent the closing of many.

The Russian universities are also in great difficulties. The students were originally given their lodging and subsistence by the state, but now they have to maintain themselves, except the poorest and, especially, the Communists. In January 1923 hardly one third of the 120,000, the estimated number of students in Russia, were receiving gov-

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ernment rations, which are utterly insufficient. Moreover quite high entrance fees have recently been reintroduced.

The international organization for European Student Relief, which works with my organization in Russia, has given valuable help to the Russian students: its representatives at the various universities have opened dining-rooms with daily meals for 30,000 students. It also does its best to supply them with scientific books. When one sees the students flock into these homes for meals, and observes the happy expression on the faces of thousands of promising young men and women, one feels that a more satisfactory and important form of relief would be difficult to find. And the fact that a large organization of foreign students, whose political and religious ideas are to a large extent so entirely opposed to the Soviet theories, has shown such a generous understanding of the great duties of international solidarity, inspires one to hope the coming generation will be characterized by tolerance and a desire for peaceable work.

Starvation Among the Professors

As for the Russian professors, their salaries are beggarly, and they are without the most necessary literary and scientific aids to study: books, foreign publications, laboratory apparatus, instruments, etc. Their position was particularly critical up to 1922. I have heard of several cases of well-known professors who literally starved to death. Even at this moment the university teachers have many difficulties to contend with, and though their means of subsistence may have improved they still suffer greatly from their intellectual isolation. Such help as our organization has been able to give them, thanks in part to several foreign universities, has made it easier for some thousands of Russian professors to struggle through the worst period; but it is time that regular intellectual relations were restored between foreign and Russian universities. By an order of December 28th last the Council of People's Commissaries exempted literary and scientific publications from censorship.

Regular relations with the outer world, however, were long rendered impossible by the atmosphere of political suspicion and organized espionage which led to the imprisonment and often condemnation of many Russian intellectuals. The government's intolerance astounds and embitters foreigners, for whom liberty of thought and word represent an inalienable right. That the Russian authorities will gradually come to understand this is greatly to be hoped. That they no longer need fear any attacks from without should make that easier, it seems to me. At home, too, political passions have cooled down.

The reconstruction of the country's economic life and the resumption of methodical and peaceful work seems to be the general desire among all sections of the people, tired as they are of so many years' war and social upheaval. Leading professors, not in any agreement with the Communist theories, who have suffered greatly during the revolution, told me when I last visited Moscow:

> We are not Bolsheviks; from a theoretical point of view we are opponents of the present government; yet we believe that Russia's economic position is so grave that all political questions ought to be relegated to a lower plane. We therefore cooperate loyally with the government by continuing in our university teaching, or by our common work in the various commissariats. We are convinced that in this we are doing our real duty and working for the recovery of our country's prosperity.

It is to be hoped that this loyal cooperation by non-Communist elements will induce the Russian authorities to give up favoring, in the schools and universities, the professors and students who are Communists. But Russia is still rather far from neutrality as regards tests of faith and politics in her educational establishments; though it should be remembered that the same was true under the Tsar. On the other hand it is only fair to recognize that the Bolshevist revolution, even in its most brutal periods, has shown, compared to some other revolutions, comparative moderation towards genuine men of learning. They have been given, more or less regularly, official food-rations, and have also received much help from semi-official committees, such as Maxim Gorki's. As a rule their books and laboratories have been respected, and public libraries and museums have actually been enriched by the nationalization of private collections. Very little has been destroyed by nationalization, and the first foreigners admitted to the Soviet museums were surprised at the orderly arrangement of Russia's treasures of art and learning.

A Double Purpose

Why does the Soviet government protect and even seek to develop public instruction?

To begin with I think it was due to a serious desire to improve the intellectual level of the Russian people, and so help them to rise out of their condition of ignorance and superstition.

Next, and perhaps most, it was a means of converting the masses to the Communist doctrine, I might almost say, "religion." The Soviet government has shown great ability in organizing extremely effective propaganda throughout Russia's vast extent. With books, pamphlets, placards of all sorts, meetings and cinemas, it has sought to make "Communist truth" permeate the Russian people, which until now has been less touched by modern intellectual movements than any other. The schools naturally formed a particularly suitable medium for disseminating the official doctrine, and for this reason the government would allow no private educational establishments to be opened.

But the Russian authorities recognize now that the evolution of public instruction is closely de-

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pendent on the economic condition of the country. It is not enough for the government to proclaim in theory that "the school and university are for all"; there must be funds to carry out this program. Having undertaken the immense task of educating all the children in a nation of over a hundred million people, the government realized that the financial means required was utterly disproportionate to the country's total resources.

Furthermore, higher education, of far too theoretical and political a character, has not achieved—from the point of view of Communist propaganda—the desired results. The time for abstract discussions and revolutionary propaganda is past. The great work which has to be done now in Russia is the country's economic restoration—not the people's conversion to the doctrines of Marx and Bukharin. Many of the young people who have recently finished their university training stand bewildered in face of the technical problems which political discussions have not taught them to solve. They have difficulty in finding a place in the Russian organizations which are now being created on normal commercial lines, and they form a kind of new "intellectual proletariat."

Thus we see now an interesting tendency in Russia to put technical education first, as being more urgently necessary for the country than pure learning, and in particular than politico-social theories. The need is for practical men, and not for those who are looking for formulas and systems. Consequently the necessity is felt of increasing the much too small number of technical schools.

I have been told of several cases of young Communists who took active part in the revolutionary movement and subsequently obtained quite important posts in the government, and went to the university to finish their education. Usually they do not choose the faculties of philosophy or political economy, but the practical subjects such as mechanics, scientific agriculture, or applied chemistry. I have been told, for instance, of quite a young man who had long been a revolutionary, who became director of the service of compulsory work in Moscow, and afterwards of social work in the Ukraine, and who has just entered the Moscow agricultural academy as a pupil.

The last All-Russian Soviet Congress expressed the wish that a certain number of students should be sent abroad to improve their scientific education. If a good reception is given to this "revolutionary youth," it will be a token that our scientific institutions are able to lay aside political divergences—which could only strengthen the tendency in Russia towards placing technical ability before political opinions. Genuine friends of the great Russian people can but wish that the generation which the Soviet schools are endeavoring to imbue with Marxian theories, may rather be attracted to practical knowledge. For when all's said and done, the only economic and social organization of real value is that which is rooted in experience and everyday work. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

[This is the first of a series of articles by Dr. Nansen on present conditions in Russia. The next will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.]

The Ku Klux to the Rescue

THE Hospital was doomed. There was no doubt about it. Mortgages were past due. Banks clamored for interest. It was the zero hour.

"The Hospital will be sold to the Catholics." The blazing headline commanded our attention. "An offer has been made. The Catholics will buy it. It will be sold, unless the Christians rally to its support and save it to—Protestantism."

The city quivered. Omens of impending doom were in the sky. The long arm of the Pope was clearly seen. Every red-blooded, he-man believer in white supremacy, Gentile superiority, and Protestant infallibility responded to the challenge. "They shall not pass" was the thundering response.

The Hospital must be saved! Committees planned. They canvassed. Slowly the dollars came trickling in. Too slowly! The spell of the Pope was upon us.

The last day of grace dawned. The efforts of the red-blooded committee had wrought wonders. The Hospital was *not* safe. It was a gray dawn.

Evening. The last day. The last ten thousand dollars were not in sight. Destiny was clouded. No one knew where to turn. Three men met in a little room. A Committee! They faced the somber facts. The Hospital was lost! Americanism faced defeat. A chill fear settled down.

Silence. The door noiselessly opened. Three men entered, clad in the virgin white of the Knights of the Invisible Empire. They revealed their purpose.

"We are here tonight for the purpose of lifting the burden of the Hospital."

Light! The Lord be praised!

"We come under a cloud of misrepresentation. If you will hear us, we will tell you our real ideals and aims."

"We shall be very glad to hear you," replied the chairman of the committee.

Then was unfolded the true significance of this heaven sent order. The spokesman explained with perfect candor that the Klan had no feeling against the Jew nor the citizen of foreign birth, "but we must draw the line somewhere!"

His appeal was manly and conclusive. The Jew

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is barred from the benefits of the Klan because:

"We believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Jesus is the Klansman's criterion of character. It would be unfair to Him to place Him in an organization where He would not always feel comfortable." Furthermore, "The Ku Klux Klan is the Negro's real friend. We make the distinction because the white race is the only race which had ever been able to rule wisely and justly."

Lucid and convincing. Peace steals into my soul. God's in his heaven—Klan's in its earth—all's right with the world. The Rhine and the Ruhr and the Saar are afar off.

"We have no feeling against the Catholic." "We believe that the Constitution of the United States is higher than any other power in the world."

It was a pentecostal hour.

Choked with holy emotion, the spokesman told of the "greatest patriotic organization ever planned by Americans."

He put his hand beneath his white robe and drew out an envelope. He handed it to the chairman.

"In the spirit of true Americanism—with malice toward none, but with charity for all, and because we cannot see a Protestant institution like this in distress, we present this sum in behalf of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

The chairman accepted the gift. A check for $8,100. In fitting words he voiced the sentiment of all red-blooded, one hundred percent believers in the divine sanction of white, Gentile, Protestant (orthodox Protestant, of course) American-born he-men!

"Words almost fail me. The supreme loyalty which your speech has manifested, the charity and breadth, the absence of malice, all are different from the common conception of your order and prove that you are working for the common good of all mankind."

The Hospital was saved! All loyal Americans thanked God—and the Klan. Te Deums echoed in faithful evangelical hearts.

Rude voices broke the harmony. They spoke crude words. "Bribe." "Tainted money." Even a Protestant pastor spoke his mind.

"By accepting this gift, you barter away your freedom. You put the stamp of approval upon this outlaw organization. You condone a spirit which is divisive and disruptive. You encourage an organization whose genius is foreign to the spirit of America and the spirit of Christ."

This was treason. His brethren pled with him. It is suspected that they prayed for him. One brother even lapsed into profanity.

"What damn business is it of yours?"

But the mills of the gods still grind.

Truth will out. Justice will be done. The pastor of First Church arose in his spirit. He delivered a "solar plexus blow" to the Hospital's critics. So the address was labelled in the Klan's journal. He-talk? Rather.

"It would have been wrong to refuse the gift." He thundered.

"They delivered the gift in the name of Christ, charity and good will. What person under such circumstances would presume to judge the motives of these men who believe in the tenets of Protestant Christianity? Any person who will stand before them and accuse them of lying pretension, of bringing that money to buy respectability and purchase favor with the church, is sitting in an unenviable judgment seat, is taking into his own hands responsibility for doing what Christ commanded no man should do, when he said, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

"The Klan is in ill repute and why? Because apparently the Associated Press has decreed its downfall. . . . If men who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ want to organize for public service in his name, why should the press claim they are fomenting race prejudice against the Jew?"

"If men who believe in the theory that because the white race has had greater advantages in education and longer experience in government, they should assume greater responsibilities, while at the same time they seek to develop the black race. . . ."

Here is new light. The Klan seeks to *"develop the black race."*

My head is thick. I turn to the columns of the Patriot, the Klan journal. In one column, the Pastor of First Church is delivering his "solar plexus blow." In the next column, "A great Masterpiece." An address by Emperor Simmons, (né Imperial Wizard Simmons). One sentence will do. "The black man of Africa, *incapable of development either mentally or morally* that would qualify him for citizenship in the great white man's republic."

It takes an imperial mind to fathom this. I am lost. I am beyond my depth.

I search out other counselors. The black boy who shines boots in the hotel barber shop.

"Tom, do you like the Klan?"

Tom trembled. "Lawd no, suh!"

"Tom, I agree with you."

"Gawd bless you, suh. Gawd bless you!"

Out of the mouths of babes—and niggers! Tom knows more about some things than even First Church Pastors.

I hear about an old woman. She is a Catholic. She is alone. The Klan is active. She is terrified. The night hours are filled with terror.

"Tell me."

"Oh, I am afraid! The nights are long! They do such things. Catholics are not bad. We do not wish to destroy the republic. We are Americans. We are proud of America."

What is it all about? It is too much for me. Anyway, The Hospital was saved to Protestantism. And—

"What damn business is it of yours?"

HUBERT C. HERRING.

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Tea with Madame Tchehov

THE desire of making a fair show in the world might well deter any one from trying to write an account of talks about Tchehov with Madame Tchehov. She is a very charming and delightful woman, with a witty smile, a varying nearness and far-offness in her conversation, and an ironic twinkle in her eyes. But all this does not make her any more apt or anxious to follow any mere one line of thought, to admit that we at least try to grapple with the terms of things as we have them in this world, to come to conclusions, to set up an idea as Western Europe knows an idea. Almost anything about Tchehov however will pass that furthers our approach to so great a talent; and one may let one's plumage wilt for such a cause and set about being merely useful.

In the midst of our teacups, then, we sat looking at a little pile of Tchehov's photographs. There was one with a cap, one standing, another out of doors, and, in a case, another—the first picture of himself that he had given Madame Tchehov—a three quarters likeness that most of all was a surprise to me. In an odd way it differed from the Tchehov that one sees in the volumes of his plays; it was more individual somehow or other, less smooth and more whimsically pathetic. And it had too something less pleasant to see, something that reminded me of Bernard Shaw's photographs, something impossible to describe, though I might call it a certain slightly impish consciousness of self, or better perhaps a kind of loose alertness. But in all these pictures of Tchehov were the same kind, shy eyes and the same effect of nervous quiet. An intense, impalpable air of life hung about every one of them; a lovable, distant nuance of detail, a sweet, human gentleness. And Tchehov, Madame Tchehov said, was a tall man.

We talked of Tchehov, of artists, of Russian artists, round and about. And in the course of things I evolved in my inquiring soul various matters on which Tchehov's opinion might, to me at least, seem to be revealing or more or less indicative of him. I asked, then, what Tchehov thought of Molière.

"But—" Madame Tchehov objected, but how could you know what you thought of Molière? Beside, Tchehov never said what he thought. He only smiled or he laughed. He was always laughing. He knew of course that Molière was a great dramatist, we all know that. But Tchehov never said what he thought, never.

I ventured nearer on an aspect of stupidity for myself and wondered what Tchehov felt toward Greek art.

Greek art! How does one know what one thinks of Greek art? It was like asking what one thinks of life. One feels one way about it at one time, another at another. Is it not so? It was, I admitted. But after all Greek art might be said, I objected, to have some general idea running through it; it meant after all more or less a point of view, an arrangement in civilization. One's attitude toward Greek art could certainly be called a comment on oneself, no?

My remarks made no impression, but instead I was made to seem very unreasonable asking what someone thought of Greek art. So far as Tchehov went, however, if you asked him what he thought of something, he only smiled. Around the corners of his mouth there were always little running lines. But he hated, you could see that, academies of anything, that is to say collections. He used to say you should not have your walls lined up and down like that—Madame Tchehov pointed angularly up and down—books in such numbers should be in libraries. A few books yes, as one reads them, a few like friends—not Ibsen you know, any one could have seen that Tchehov hated Ibsen, Ibsen was like a professor laying down rules, no? Some fine parts, ah yes, some fine plays, but still—And Tchehov hated a collection of pictures around him. He used to say that a crowd of statues belonged not in your house but in a museum. Once, Madame Tchehov remembered, some of Tchehov's friends to honor an occasion in the theatre, made him a present of some antique furniture and beautiful objets d'art. But afterward Tchehov kept pointing to these things and smiling. Why do they give me these? he said, and laughed. Do they take me for an antiquarian? I'm not a museum. He was always like that, do you see?

But he loved music, I ventured.

If anything is plain in Tchehov's plays it is his feeling toward music, and I felt safe here. I was hoping now to get some little hint on what sense of the formal Tchehov had in any direction.

Certainly Tchehov loved music, Madame Tchehov said, very much, ah yes.

Beethoven?

Ah, he would never go to concerts. He would go crazy to sit through them, these arranged programs. But he loved natural music, the music of the fields, the natural world, he loved everything in the natural world.

And of course, Madame Tchehov went on, he loved people too. People, that is, with whom he could make an understanding at once. He had that sort of spirit, he saw very quickly when there was anything. When he and the other person had nothing in common between them he felt that too and then he was like this—Madame Tchehov put up her hand like a wall. But he loved to have

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people come to see him. Tchehov was always at home. He never went anywhere. But people used to love him. They liked to be with him, though he told them so little after all about himself. The Tchehovs were like that; the whole family loved people and were very gay and amusing but yet they were always distant, they were never intimate.

When Tchehov worked nobody knew, though he wrote so much. He used to love newspapers. And he got odd things and odd truths about people from them. Sometimes he used to steal away and write down a note from them or write down perhaps something that had stolen into his mind. But Madame Tchehov herself never saw him working, never. But he wrote books and books. Madame Tchehov had spoken to him about the international copyright. But Tchehov said let them go, his works were not good enough for these men to want it in other countries. And so he never got anything from abroad. And except for a little money from a Paris publisher neither Madame Tchehov nor Tchehov's family had ever got anything from his books. Artists should have someone to attend to their affairs surely, Madame Tchehov said, artists could never manage money.

But, I said, there had been artists who had managed very well. They had learned merely to recognize money as a reality in our lives and so had taken it into account in their scheme of things. What of Shakespeare, Molière, Michelangelo, Titian, they had done well enough and had left money behind them, and obviously they were great artists.

Well, Russian artists then, Madame Tchehov said.

I said finally—hoping again for a hint on what sense of the formal Tchehov had in any direction, and remembering the photograph of his study at Yalta, how trivial and undistinguished its arrangement was—I said that I always wondered when I thought of Sarah Bernhardt what Tchehov thought of her. They seemed to me to be two interesting minds to bring up against each other.

But there we were again, Madame Tchehov said, it was like Greek art. How were you to know what you thought of Sarah Bernhardt? Bernhardt you felt one way toward one day and one way another, it was like that. Of course you knew that Bernhardt was a great actress, but how you were going to feel toward her today, now who knows? And Tchehov never said what he thought, he smiled, Anton was always smiling, those little lines at his lips—

By this time I considered that I had sufficiently erected myself into a professorial imbecile; and I subsided into something more mildly human than a desire to know a man by his tastes and ideas. And by this time The Cherry Orchard, The Three Sisters, Ivanoff, Tchehov's plays, seemed alive in my mind, their gentle, quivering life, the indefinable line of them, the sky smile running no doubt around the tragic truths of human nature that they know so comically and inevitably well. And by this time, thanks to Madame Tchehov's words and the likenesses of Tchehov before me, I seemed in the midst of those stories of his, moving so definitely and inevitably from their intense centres; between them and our ideas there is some sort of wall; between them and our simple human elements there is a touching unity.

Madame Tchehov went on talking a little wistfully, not quite always to me, about Tchehov.

"But all the years I knew him I never could make him quite tell me his opinion or advise me. I used to say, Anton tell me what you think of this. What do you think? But he would only laugh a little, and go on smiling, and never tell me. I had just to see somehow if I could what he was thinking."

STARK YOUNG.

Vacant Lots and Easy Marks

EVERYONE is familiar with the contention of the single taxer that the private ownership of land lies at the root of all capitalistic exploitation. We have all heard how the great Astor fortune and others like it were created through the purchase of land in New York City, which has increased enormously in value with the "unearned increments" added by the growth of the city in population. Even the popular magazine financiers with their formulae for success are almost as certain to advise the young man to buy land as to urge the desirability of hard work, sobriety and going to bed at nine o'clock.

This notion that vacant land on the outskirts of a rapidly growing community is a good investment if it lies in the path of expansion, has become the basis of an important industry—selling building lots at auction, usually on the installment plan, and to persons whose interest is more speculative than otherwise. The trade flourishes in many communities, under conditions more or less similar. The writer happens to have investigated it in New York City, but there is no reason to believe that the facts disclosed there are markedly different from the situation in other municipalities.

In a word, this investigation in New York has made it apparent that in that city at least the man who buys vacant land at auction is by no means doing so well for himself as is commonly supposed.

In June 1913 the greatest auction sale of building lots ever recorded was held by two of the leading auctioneers of New York City. The old

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Morris Park race-track in the Bronx, with adjoining land, was sub-divided into more than 3,000 lots and the land auctioned off, the process requiring two weeks. The average selling price was $1,217 a lot.

On May 12, 1922, nine years later, this advertisement appeared in the New York papers:

> To Homeseekers and Builders:
>
> Would you be interested in purchasing improved Bronx lots at 50 percent of their cost? I can sell 257 Bronx lots that averaged $1,300 per lot in 1913, without any improvements and a ten cent fare to Manhattan, for an average price of $800 per lot with sewers, sidewalks and curbs and a five cent fare to all parts of the Bronx, Brooklyn and New York City. Located at Morris Park, the Bronx.

This estimate of value is corroborated by the figures of the New York Tax Department, which endeavors to assess real estate for taxation at its full worth. The land in Morris Park which sold at auction in 1913 for $3,600,000, was in 1921 valued for taxation at $2,700,000, about $900 a lot.

In eight years, during which the property had depreciated $900,000 in value, the owners had paid out $500,000 in taxes and more than $700,000 in special assessments. Without counting interest on their investment, their total loss was more than $2,000,000.

Suppose, for instance, that Mr. John Doe bought two lots at this sale, acquiring a parcel 50 by 100 feet, which is quite as small a piece as any one should use for home building. He paid $730 in cash and gave a mortgage of $1,704, at 6 percent. We may assume that at the end of 1921, he still owned the lots, and the mortgage was still unpaid. (During most of this period money was worth more than 6 percent, so that there was no good reason for clearing off the mortgage.) After eight years the investment stands as follows:

Cash paid at sale	$730
Interest paid on mortgage	818
Taxes	333
Special assessments	486
Indebtedness remaining	1,704
Total cost	$4,071
Present value of lots	$1,800
Loss to date	$2,271

This, of course, does not tell the whole story. If Mr. John Doe had kept $730 in a savings bank at 4 percent and had made deposits from time to time equal to his payments on the lot, he would have had in the bank at the end of 1921, $2,367, plus accumulated interest of some $400. Instead, he is the more or less proud possesser of a building lot, still vacant, in which he has an equity of $96.

The writer has investigated the results of ten auction sales of building lots held in New York between 1905 and 1913. In five of these tracts the assessed valuation in 1921 was less than the price paid at the time of the sale. These tracts were Morris Park, the Van Cortlandt estate, the Samler estate, a tract at Avenue L and Canarsie Road, in Brooklyn, and at Livingston, S. I.

In all of these heavy taxes have been paid, and except in the one at Canarsie, many thousands of dollars have been expended in special assessments.

In five other tracts, all of them nearer to the heart of the city, land values have increased since the auction sales. These are at Throg's Neck, High Bridge and Crotona Park in the Bronx, and at Bay Ridge and south of Prospect Park in Brooklyn.

But only in Bay Ridge has the increase been great enough to cover the taxes paid on vacant land and the special assessments. In not one instance has the increase in value been sufficient to yield even one percent on the investment.

To be sure, the past fifteen years have seen a condition of relative stagnation in New York land values. The price of lots increased rapidly from 1898 to 1907, and as is usual in boom periods, had reached a point higher than was justified by the growth of the city. Only in the Borough of Queens has vacant land increased in value fast enough in the past fifteen years to yield even four percent on the investment. With the present rates of taxation and costs of improvements, vacant land in New York City must double in value in about eight years in order to earn 4 percent. While in some sections of Queens land has quadrupled in value in sixteen years, this rate cannot reasonably be expected to continue indefinitely.

Technically, of course, the methods of these real estate operators who sell at auctions are honest. They do not guarantee that the increase in value will result in large profits. They might argue that the purchaser is quite as competent to read the future as they; and it is possible that some of them are self-deceived about the value of the land they sell. The fact remains, however, that in New York, as in other cities, these auction sales are carefully staged, and crowd psychology is utilized as skilfully as in a Billy Sunday revival meeting. The contagion is well-nigh irresistible, as thousands of investors have discovered to their cost.

A great deal of money has been made in the United States during the past century by persons who have secured land for which there is a social need and have made society pay for this necessity —a great deal more money than would be tolerated by any really intelligent civilization. But large sums have also been lost by those who have failed to make proper allowance for taxes, assessments and interest on their investment. This has been especially true when unscrupulous or stupid real estate operators have over-capitalized the growth of a community or the purchaser has underestimated the amount of time required for the accumulation of his unearned increment, and the carrying charges he must bear in the interval.

G. B. L. Arner.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Professor McDougall Protests

SIR: You have published on so many occasions contemptuous references to my views that it seems about time for the worm to turn or, at least, to writhe feebly. The last of these is Mr. Lippmann's reference to me in your issue of May 9th as a notorious exponent of the view that the observed correlation of degrees of "intelligence" of children with levels of social status of their parents is in some degree a matter of heredity. Mr. Lippmann's scorn is provoked by the fact that I have made use of this view as a premise for certain sociological reasonings, although the view has not been proved to be true. I wish to point out that this view, which, if true, is, as perhaps Mr. Lippmann will admit, of considerable importance, is not susceptible of proof by any direct observation or experiment. It is now, and probably must remain for all time, no matter how true it may be, a matter of opinion. In this respect it is not peculiar. Most biological, sociological and political generalizations are in similar case. Take the theory of organic evolution. It cannot be demonstrated in any such sense as Mr. Lippmann seems to demand. It will always be possible for him, for Mr. Bryan and other clever journalists to pour scorn and ridicule upon those who accept it, and to do so with a certain air of plausibility. The sociologist who accepts the theory as the premise for any reasoning cannot cite any conclusive proof as evidence in support of it. He can only point to the fact that almost all the men who have devoted their lives to the study of biology have accepted the theory. The sociologist who accepts as highly probable (and, as I have said, we cannot hope to attain to certainty in the matter) the heredity theory as the partial explanation of the correlation of intelligence with parental social status is in a similar position. He cannot demonstrate the truth of his view; but he can point to the consensus of opinion among such life-long students of the question as Francis Galton, Havelock Ellis, Karl Pearson and Lewis Terman. And he can, I think, go a little further than this. For the rejection of the opinion implies certain consequences. Either or both of two alternatives must be accepted by Mr. Lippmann or any other person who chooses to reject the theory: either he must deny that parents belonging to the more successful social strata are in any degree more intelligent on the average than those who remain at or near the bottom of the social scale; or he must deny the heredity of mental qualities in toto. If he chooses the former line, he is committed to the proposition that the success of such men as President Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, Edward Bok, Cyrus Curtis and Henry Ford has been due solely to good luck and not at all to personal qualities, and that in general the stupid and morally weak man succeeds just as much as the clever and strong man.

If he chooses the second alternative, he is denying also the theory of organic evolution, and he should come out openly on the side of Mr. Bryan. For the theory of the heredity of mental qualities is a corollary of the theory of organic evolution. The latter cannot be true, if the former is not true.

But if his mind is open on this question and if he really wishes to form an opinion based on his own observation, then let him observe minutely day by day for twenty years the development of a large family of children with whose near relatives he is well acquainted. I venture to predict that he will acquire a pretty confident opinion in favor of the heredity of mental qualities; though he will not be able to adduce any conclusive demonstration.

In the meantime, Mr. Lippmann might contribute to the clarification of opinion by stating which of these alternatives he inclines to accept.

Since the answer to the question in dispute must remain a matter of opinion, it is, I think, worth while to cite the opinions of some persons who are not biologists and who therefore escape the suspicion which for the man in the street seems to attach to all biologists, but who nevertheless are highly competent to weigh the evidence.

Professor F. W. Taussig, the eminent economist, has recently published a lecture in which he reviewed the pros and cons of this question with every appearance of impartiality (Social Classes and Social Duties. Harvard Alumni Bulletin, March 29, 1923). Speaking of the view which excites Mr. Lippmann's scorn as the doctrine of superiority, he concludes as follows: "We must admit, therefore, that the problem is not solved. We can lay down no certain conclusion. None the less, I cannot but believe that the trend of evidence is in the direction of the doctrine of superiority. That view has more support from the statistical and psychological evidence, more consonance with the implications of biology, than its rival. The very circumstance that it is the 'aristocratic' view makes it unwelcome to those of us who have democratic sympathies. But sympathies and dislikes have no place in the scientific weighing of the evidence; and the weight of evidence on the whole seems to me against the doctrine of mere privilege."

Again, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb (The Decay of Capitalist Civilization, page 52) write of "the intensification, among the least provident and most casual of all classes, notably in the poorest stratum of irregularly employed laborers of our great cities (who are to a large extent condemned to a perpetual interbreeding), of a reckless propagation that may well be eugenically as adverse in its consequences to the community as the exceptional restriction of the birth-rate among the provident and the prudent." Dr. Hornell Hart is an expert on social work and problems in the Iowa Child Welfare Research Department. He concludes a recent study of Differential Fecundity in Iowa (reported in the Birth Control Review for May 1923) with these words: "The study of differential fecundity in Iowa, then, supports the conclusions of previous studies by pointing out that in rural as well as urban districts fecundity is inversely correlated with financial and intellectual status." These three expressions of opinion are a small sample only of many more that might be cited of similar origin and tenor. I have chosen them for citation because they are among the most recently published.

It would seem, then, that "the superiority doctrine" (which Mr. Lippmann has ingeniously dubbed "the new snobbery") is accepted as highly probable, not only by the nefarious biologists who devote their lives to trying to ascertain the truth, but also by persons who are highly expert students of social problems and distinguished as social reformers. In view of this state of affairs I suggest that Mr. Lippmann's scornful and self-righteous attitude is not justified by his elaborate argumentation in favor of the admitted fact that "the superiority doctrine" cannot at the present time conclusively be shown to be true.

May I add that I have no axe to grind in this matter. I would prefer to believe that all's right with the world. I should like to come before the public as the champion of the downtrodden and the oppressed, and, clothed in the shining armor of righteousness and charity, to proclaim once more that "all men are created equal." But I believe that a man of science who, after long study and reflection, arrives at an opinion on a question of great social importance, should publish his opinion no matter how distasteful it may be to himself or to other persons.

W. McDOUGALL.

Harvard College,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Lippmann Replies

SIR: No one would suspect from reading Mr. McDougall's letter that my references to him had occured in discussions of the intelligence tests. Consequently, no one would suspect from reading his letter that the argument was not about whether mental qualities are inherited, but about whether intelligence tests in general, and the army tests in particular, *isolate* and *measure* hereditary mental abilities. Mr. McDougall in his letter ignores the intelligence tests. In his book he offered them as the main evidence. In his letter he takes the view that the doctrine of mental heredity is a matter of opinion. In his book he used the data of intelligence testing as the basis for "one conclusion" (Is America Safe for Democracy? p. 47), and deduced from this conclusion a whole political philosophy.

Provided it is understood that Mr. McDougall has now shifted

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from an attempt to demonstrate a "conclusion" by quantitative evidence to an attempt to sustain an "opinion" by dialectic, I am willing to follow him on to this new ground, though I think it is scientifically sterile.

Mr. McDougall says now that unless I admit that superior intelligence is hereditary in the upper classes and that inferior intelligence is hereditary in the lower classes (presumably in any society at any time), unless I admit this, I must deny that successful people are more intelligent on the average than unsuccessful, and I must deny absolutely the heredity of mental qualities.

I do not see the slightest necessity for admitting or denying anything of the sort. It is quite possible that the intelligence of the successful is an acquired characteristic imperfectly transmissible through the social rather than the biological inheritance. It is quite possible, to put it mildly, that the complex mental qualities making for success are not a single and independent Mendelian character. So little is known about the nature of intelligence, and so little about the heredity of complex qualities, that it is foolish to deny or affirm conclusions in these matters.

How little Mr. McDougall has taken these possibilities into account may be illustrated by two examples. He says that if I deny that superior intelligence is hereditary in the upper classes, then I must assert that "the success of such men as President Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, Edward Bok, Cyrus Curtis and Henry Ford" is due not at all to personal qualities but solely to good luck. What a howling non sequitur! Unless I deny that Abraham Lincoln was personally great, I have to admit that his greatness was inherited from a line of great ancestors belonging to the upper classes, and that this greatness is transmissible to the President of the Pullman Car Company!

Mr. McDougall goes on to say that unless I admit that superior intelligence is hereditary in the upper classes, I have to deny the heredity of mental qualities in toto. And then I am in the arms of Mr. Bryan, an opponent of the theory of organic evolution. For, says Mr. McDougall in as rash a statement as ever came from the pen of a scholar, "the theory of the heredity of mental qualities is a corollary of the theory of organic evolution." This amounts to saying that the theory of evolution depends upon believing that there are no acquired mental characteristics.

Mr. McDougall speaks of having an open mind on this question. My notion of an open mind on this question is somewhat different from his, for he seems to think that it is permissible for a man of science to deduce with the authority of science all kinds of political generalizations from premises which are "not susceptible of proof by any direct observation or experiment."

I think this is a lamentable procedure both for science and for politics. It is unhappily true that political theories have to be adopted often without scientific proof. The only protection we have against this evil is to keep perfectly conscious every minute that the proof is lacking. But when a man of science comes along, claims to speak as a biologist and a scientific psychologist, and offers doubtful political theories as scientific judgments, the protection of genuine scepticism is denied us. We find it hard to remember that the professor of psychology at Harvard may, like other people, be airing his impressions and his prejudices.

That is the explanation, and it is not an apology, for any scornful references Mr. McDougall may have noticed in my discussions of his political theories.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

New York City.

Why the Senate Rejected the Versailles Treaty

SIR: Your article on Anglo-American Cooperation is an interesting revelation of a delusion in which your editors have persisted ever since the rejection of the Versailles Treaty. It is the notion that the Senate, representing American opinion, rejected the Treaty as a whole. You contradict the statement of Mr. Lloyd George, "although the Senate rejected the Treaty, it was rejected not upon the ground of the reparation clauses, but because they would not accept the League of Nations." This statement of Mr. Lloyd George is an admirable statement of what actually happened. The animus of the Senate and of our people was not aroused against Versailles on the ground that this Treaty demanded impossible reparations, but on the ground that it included the League Covenant.

Just why your editors should continue making what is at best a very disputable statement many of your readers are puzzled to explain. We wish you would stop doing so. After having made it in the article above mentioned, your editor shows a consciousness of the prevalent wave of hard feeling against Germany by expressing the hope that any Anglo-American combination "should begin operation by declaring publicly its sympathy with the Germans in their present struggle for self-preservation, their right to indemnification." Does the New Republic really believe that American sentiment against the iniquitous Versailles Treaty, apart from the League Covenant, was ever so keen that the American people will publicly express itself as suggested?

The writer has, in the last three weeks, met men at various dinner tables from New York to Minnesota, and has everywhere heard the reparations clauses of the Versailles Treaty heralded as France's perfectly just claim; he has been told that Germany is a welcher and a quitter and that she should be made to pay to the last cent. One of these supposedly intelligent Americans had to be reminded that America had rejected the entire Treaty; what he was interested in was our rejection of the Covenant.

The point is that, so far as I sense American opinion, the New Republic is not justified in identifying the Senate's opposition to the League with an opposition to the Treaty. Does the New Republic believe that, had the League and the Treaty been presented separately, the Senate would have rejected the Treaty?

What happened was this: the isolationists were indifferent to the Treaty but keenly antagonistic to the League. The Liberals were shocked at the Treaty and viewed a League on such a basis as impossible. Why does the New Republic insist upon identifying these two groups?

IRVING MAURER.

Columbus, Ohio.

The Goose Step

SIR: When a man cries "Fire!" should we give him credit for alertness and public spirit or should we lay most of our emphasis upon the fact that his cry lacked the golden tone of Caruso? In reviewing The Goose Step Mr. Merz, while agreeing that at least some of Mr. Sinclair's indictment is true, devotes most of his space and emphasis to the undoubted defects of the book—so much, in fact, as to make one wonder why the New Republic includes it in its subscription list on page V. Surely if the book is worthy to be one of that list, it has more merit than the reviewer brings out.

That more emphasis should have been laid on the merits of the book seems to me to be indicated by the following quotations from a professor in one of the colleges that Sinclair mentioned. Since the letters were not written for publication, and since the writer might easily be identified if my name were published as the writer of this letter, I must ask that, should you print what I quote, you will not print my name. I am quoting a man who is generally considered one of the best in his faculty and he is far from a radical: "I read your clipping from The Goose Step. Unfortunately Sinclair is too true. I am only glad he didn't come to ——. If he had, he'd have found more of the same and worse. We are better than we have been, but I wish to Heaven the whole and sole creed of our alumni and most of our students was not 'Beat ——' and every other college we can persuade to play us."

Later his institution received some attention; so I sent him another clipping and received comment summed up thus: "But *when all is said, Sinclair is right.*"

Mr. Merz is, of course, entitled to his own convictions; but he seems hardly to give the devil his due. Granted Mr. Sinclair's lack of modesty, or of mock modesty, in his remarks about the failure of the newspapers to report his doings, isn't his contention that his doings really are material for copy true? If not, why does the New Republic devote over a page and a half to a review of The Goose Step only, on the whole, to belittle it?

L. B.

New York City.

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An American Comment on Russian Policy

SIR: You may be interested in the following copy of a comment on the execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch which appears in our weekly News Bulletin.

CHRISTINA MERRIMAN,
Secretary, Foreign Policy Association.

New York City.

The announcement of the execution of Vicar-General Butchkavitch by the Soviet authorities on April 6th has been received with dismay and abhorrence by every sincere friend of the Russian people, and has multiplied many times and in all countries the obstacles to a more sympathetic understanding of Russia's difficulties.

The execution has inevitably been made the basis of renewed factional and counter-revolutionary propaganda, much of it supporting those reactionary and oppressive forces in Russian life which persons of liberal opinions would regret to see restored. This has in turn provoked from some of the latter a defence of the Soviet government's action—a defence so sweeping as seemingly to condone the execution. All of this tends, by the unfortunate use of generalities, to confuse the minds of observers in judging the particular event, and in attempting to interpret its essential meaning as a sign of Russian conditions. This act should be judged by itself; its quality should not be estimated by animosity held on broad grounds towards either group of those who seek to make political capital out of it.

So far as we can tell from any statement put out on behalf of the Soviet government, the conviction and execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch appear to have been based not on a charge of treason, in the accepted and proper sense of that word, but on a charge of "wilfully opposing the Soviet government." If that is all that can be said, then the "trial" and the punishment are a step back towards barbarism. All governments punish resistance to their decrees; sometimes even "civilized" states go so far as to punish in times of peace the verbal expression by citizens of their hostility to the governmental policies, or even their mental states inferred from acts and words. Such expressions, such attitudes—even acts of resistance—are not treason and do not warrant the penalty reserved for that rare and capital offence. Treason describes a precise political offence which consists in giving aid or comfort to the enemies of one's country in time of hostilities; as justifying capital punishment treason is a precise term, not a rhetorical one, and does not connote any form of domestic political opposition, even when accompanied by violence.

The employment of capital punishment for the correction of political offences which are not treason is a sign of terrorism—a terrorism that fears for its own existence. The sign is all the more evident when the government takes the lives of citizens who have ventured to entertain and express freedom of thought in religious, educational and social matters.

Whatever their self-justification may be, the Soviet authorities will have no justification from the world unless they publish without delay attested copies of the documents upon which they based their sentence of death sufficient to support it. Spokesmen for the Moscow government in this country say that these documents are on their way. If that be the case, judgments may be revised; but the world moves on fast and will not long delay its definite and final judgment, and so far no defence of the act acceptable to American opinion has been given or even intimated.

So much for the justice of the sentence. As to the reasons for the execution, opinion is divided. There are those who insist it was a case of pandering to the extremists. There are those who argue that, far from indicating weakness on the part of the Moscow government, the execution served notice to the world that the Soviet authorities felt strong enough to defy public sentiment outside of Russia, and to come to grips with religious sentiment within. There are those who declare that Butchkavitch, a Russian of Polish birth, probably owed his death to the fact that the first protest against his execution came from the Polish government, the "natural enemy" of Russia; and who point to the absence of any official protest from the Vatican as a confession of his guilt. There are those who brand all protests against the execution as hypocritical and hysterical, since no government can claim a spotless record.

But about one thing there can be no manner of doubt: the Russian relief organizations in this country might as well shut up shop. Indeed many of them are doing so. The appeals for clemency, many of them from religious bodies which gave most largely for famine relief, were ignored; and it will call for more silver-tongued persuasion than Moscow has hitherto felt it necessary or possible to exercise, before American dollars are again produced from American pockets for a nation whose representatives seem to the average newspaper reader, justly or not, completely callous to the moral judgment of the world.

The Kalinin Exclusion Again

SIR: I do not know whether I am more amazed or chagrined by your attempted justification of your editorial approving the exclusion of Mme. Kalinin. Mme. Kalinin wished to come here on an errand of mercy on behalf of suffering and innocent children; and even if the evidence were sufficient to condemn the Russian government unqualifiedly (not knowing any more about it than you do, I refrain from expressing any opinion), I do not see why innocent children should be punished for the sins of a government. One might expect such a doctrine of retribution from a mediaeval Catholic, but hardly from a paper that calls itself liberal.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

New York City.

SIR: Since the inception of the New Republic, I have been a subscriber and have often had occasion to admire your courage and insight. But at times you forget your ideals and descend to howl with the pack. A case in point is your shocking praise of Secretary Hughes's inhuman action in barring out Madame Kalinin on her errand of mercy from this country. You try to justify yourself by saying that "religion in America has been aroused against the Soviet government." May I call your attention to an ancient definition of religion—a better has never been formulated: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

The kind of religion that is willing to keep children in a state of starvation for the sake of rebuking a government is not, I venture to think, what Jesus Christ would have recognized. You, however, are in perfectly respectable company, for that kind has always been in favor in high circles. The priests of Moloch who sacrificed babies in a fiery death were of course animated by "religious" motives and were approved by the government officials of their time.

MARY WINSOR.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

On Behalf of "Rosta"

SIR: In an editorial paragraph in the New Republic, May 9th, you inferred that "Rosta or any other source of information" failed to supply you with evidence that Mgr. Butchkavitch was guilty of "signal turpitude."

I do not know what sources of Rosta information you had access to when the New Republic took its original position of endorsing Secretary Hughes in his policy with regard to Madame Kalinin. There is no bureau of Rosta in the United States at the present time authorized to distribute Russian news to the American press. This office was established solely for the purpose of sending American news to Russia. It seems unfortunate therefore that you should, even by a slight implication, attribute to Rosta this deficiency in your information. In London, where there is a Rosta agency issuing daily bulletins to the press, I observed that the liberal papers were apparently sufficiently informed regarding the crime of Mgr. Butchkavitch to enable them to arrive at a conclusion quite the contrary of that expressed by the New Republic.

The New Republic, I fear, has suffered not only from lack of information, but also from an excess of misinformation.

KENNETH DURANT, Correspondent.
The Russian Telegraph Agency,
"Rosta,"
New York City.

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The Sheltered Sex

SIR: Permit me to express my delight at Mrs. Woolston's article on the Sheltered Sex. I had never noticed that men are especially sheltered as miners or structural-iron workers. as sailors, stevedores, or even clerks and storekeepers. But doubtless Mrs. Woolston can readily prove that too by means of the wonderful "science" (Christian?) which proves that men suffer acutely because they cannot bear children. To do that, however, I should suggest that she first ridicule out of existence all statistics and the science of numbers, which is the creation of the sheltered sex. Thus, in a previous article in the New Republic on Girls and Then Some Mrs. Woolston taught us that because our fathers and mothers did not indulge in "petting parties" to the extent that the present generation does, they filled our sanitariums; and when I looked up the statistics I found a universal conspiracy to show that the number of inmates in our sanitariums has rather been increasing of late. I am sure that the existence of these statistical or numerical facts must spoil for others as well as for myself the enjoyment of Mrs. Woolston's brilliant writings, just as it spoiled the enjoyment of a previous series of articles by Rebecca West on Woman—the World's Worst Failure.

PHILONOUS.

New York City.

The Opium Traffic

SIR: In a country which has the highest par capita consumption of narcotic drugs (for the United States is listed as using 36 grains as against 3 for France and 2 for Germany) the matter of opium production is vastly important, so you will, I know, permit me a word on this subject. I use the word "production" because in this matter one needs must go to the root of the evil. In round figures there is produced—mainly in India, Turkey and Persia—something more than 2,300 tons of opium a year when, at the very highest estimate, only 125 tons are required for medical purposes. Of this amount more than 3,000,0000 lbs. is for export outside of these three countries.

You say that "Contrary to the general belief, India does not supply opium or its derivatives to the Western world in important amounts." Taraknath Das, an Indian, at a recent hearing in Congress said:

> It is a fact that according to the U. S. Treasury report no opium has lately come from India to the United States through the custom-house. This does not prove that large quantities of Indian opium, sold at auction at Calcutta monthly, or sold to other parts of the world, has not been smuggled into America.

Is it not true that in this traffic the smuggling phase must always be kept in mind? Be that admitted, put with this fact, one set down by the English authority Mr. Dixon, that in 1918-19 there were "exported out of India" about 2,000,000 pounds; add to these facts the further one that in six years, 1914-20, the acreage utilized for the production of opium in India was increased by 20,000 acres, and it looks as though Great Britain was furnishing about two thirds of the opium sent out to poison the world.

May I call attention also to the statement in which you say that "technically" the British government is not concerned in the production, but that the "government of India" is very much so? Let it be understood first that the government of India *is* the British government, furthermore, that the Indians themselves are powerless in this matter of traffic in opium and its derivatives. It should be set down here that, during the past two years, many non-cooperators have been jailed for carrying out the ideas of Mahatma Gandhi who has set his countrymen the task of ridding themselves of opium and liquor. The Statesman's Yearbook for 1921 states that the British government realized in the neighborhood of $78,500,000 in 1919-20 from liquor and opium, which figure rose in 1920-21 to $83,000,000.

This increase is due (according to statements circulated by the International Opium Society) to "the increasingly extensive control of the excise administration of the British government." In The War Against Opium, published by this society, one finds this passage:

> As regards morphia, were the (British) Indian government willing to draw its revenue from unquestionable sources, and set itself to eradicate the mischief wrought by this drug throughout Asia, the evil would disappear in a very short time—not only in Asia but throughout the world.

It is not out of place to say here that in ten years China stopped the cultivation of the poppy. Commenting upon this action of China in abolishing the traffic in opium, Mr. Das said, ". . . and the righteous, Christian, British government, in the twentieth century maintains about 7,000 opium shops to help the people of India to meet their medicinal needs!" It is any wonder that India is crying out to the world to help her? 10,000 pounds of opium is sold every month at public auction in the city of Calcutta. This amounts to about 100,000 pounds a year—about one twenty-sixth of the entire annual output of the drug which has got the world in its grip.

The question is, can this grip be loosened unless and until the production of opium is reduced to its "scientific and medicinal needs"—to use a phrase made popular by Dr. Wellington Koo. Mrs. Hamilton Wright, the American, and Dr. Koo think it cannot. When the assembly of the League of Nations met in October, 1921, the British delegates, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Sastri (let us take the word of the overwhelming majority of Indians that Srinivasa Sastri is *not* the representative of India in this or in any other respect)—the British representatives, I say, disagreed with Dr. Koo and Mrs. Wright. So on the strength of the statement of Mr. Sastri that opium does not hurt Indians and also that they must have it for medicinal purposes, the Koo resolution was completely nullified. Said a leading Indian paper, "These arguments deserved to be ignored; instead they were made the raison d'être of as iniquitous a piece of business as has been 'put over' in this past twelve-month of political chicanery."

If this "chicanery" is to be undone, America has got to put its strength back of its own and China's representatives on the Opium Advisory Committee, and stand with the Chinese and the Indian people for the "strict" reduction of production of opium to "scientific and medicinal needs"—and this stand must be known throughout the world before fall when the Assembly of the League of Nations next meets. To make use of the words of Miss La Motte, in her book—The Opium Monopoly—the time has come for America to speak out: The League of Nations should strike a "vigorous blow" at the opium evil. Will the League strike that blow?

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City.

The Three Percent Immigration Law

SIR: It is both wise and expedient at the present time to reduce immigration to a fixed percentage, but the amount, which will serve the best interests of the country and the immigrant as well, has been a topic of much discussion and debate. Should the present three percent law be removed at the expiration of its term in 1924, or should some new law be put in its place?

The three percent immigration law was passed as an emergency bill, and as an emergency measure it certainly has justified its enactment. It has reduced the number of immigrants from a million or more to 355,000, and has provided for a steady influx of immigration while at the same time it has not served to crowd our already over congested cities and so make the unemployment situation, already acute, unbearable. It provides for a greater percentage of the more desirable people from northern Europe than ever before: the percentage of immigration from northern and southern Europe before its enactment was 16 percent and 84 percent respectively; after its enactment, 33 percent and 67 percent respectively. It has reduced the amount of crime to a minimum; and illiteracy has been reduced from 20 percent in 1900, and 12 percent in 1913, to 4 percent in 1922. Besides all these things, the excepted classes in the law itself reduce the amount of individual suffering greatly; and provide for a certain amount of flexibility greatly to be desired. A change in the law at this time might produce serious social, economic, and political entanglements. Opponents of the law would do well to consider the advantages of the law first before they are too hasty in condemning it as a failure.

E. DEXTER BROWN.

Germantown, Pennsylvania.

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A New Humorist

The First Year of the Budget of the United States, by General Charles G. Dawes. New York: Harper & Brothers. $6.00.

LIKE all great masters, General Dawes keeps his humor below the surface where only the discriminating may find it. Here is no slapstick work, no flying custard pie, but deep below deep, an ultimate well of rare and measured mirth. It may even be, if I may make bold to say so, a trifle too deep. For the General has filtered his genius through an imposing pile of documents, tables and official reports. The book reads, at first blush, like the Congressional Record, only more so. Were it not for the "contemporaneous notes"—for there is no table of contents or index—there would be nothing before us but documents, enriched with photographs of the long faces of the General's friends. These notes provide the necessary cement.

They tell us how the author, having notified the President by telephone from Chicago that he would accept the position of Director of the Bureau of the Budget, rushes to Washington on the 23rd of June (Thursday), 1921. The fur begins to fly. The department heads are summoned and told of their monumental inefficiency. Liaison officers are appointed. They are told that unless the government shall become as a little corporation it shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . With citizens as stockholders—that most alluring and treacherous parallel.

Then orders, cascades of orders. Then silence for a time and a feeling of the administration, like some giant wrestler, slowly and relentlessly breaking the back of red tape and inefficiency. One can hear our author heaving below the documents.

And then release, victory! Calmly—as only Will Rogers can be calm—without a twinkle, without the flickering of an eyelash, the General assures us that he has saved—literally single-handed he has saved—112 millions of dollars for the people of the Republic.

The Democrats turn cold. The President beams. "What?" cries a startled Congress—always suspicious of the Bureau of the Budget. "Facts," says the General, "cold facts." And he produces with the utmost dispassion 161 pages of facts. Never a smile, never a change of countenance. Oh, a great man surely.

The President makes a short speech. General Dawes makes a long speech. Behold the speeches. Headlines in every newspaper. On second thought, not 112 millions, but 250 millions, if you please!! Ossa is piled on Pelion. And here is proof. Let us now examine the proof.

Twenty-seven millions saved by transferring surplus war supplies to other government departments. Good. The War Department has supplies. The other departments need supplies. The junk market can only offer 10 percent of original cost or thereabouts. The saving is obviously 90 percent. The lower the junk market, the higher the saving. Follows 50 pages of solid tables: "Steel washers —fair value 25 cents, forced sale value 11 cents, estimated saving 14 cents." Files, wrenches, cotter pins, desks, pipe fittings, screws, bolts, generators, waste paper baskets, coffee pots, nuts. . . . All to a total of twenty-seven millions of dollars *saved*. Were it not for General Dawes, the junk man would have had it all, to the desolation of a people. And the underlying comedy is, first, that material has been transferred from one government department to another since the days of George Washington, and second, that for every dollar's worth transferred, ten dollars worth and more of war supplies was thrown away in collusion with the junk man, and in sheer selling incompetency —as Major Watts, who tried to stem the tide and lost his job, has been at pains to tell us. Hundreds of millions of surplus supplies were wasted. Twenty-seven millions have been saved through the application of the higher methaphysics.

Again. Forty-one millions to the odd cent saved respectively in the Navy and the War Departments. Geysers of supporting figures. "Quartermasters Corps—reduction of labor and clerical force—$3,758,970"; "suppression of activities—$2,273,717.76"; "reduction on manufacturing establishments—$990,000." And the comedy here is that when a nation goes from a war basis to a peace basis, war expenses inevitably follow a declining curve, regardless of Budget Bureaus.

Ninety-six millions saved by the Shipping Board. Rabelais would have envied this. The whole transaction takes place in negative values, or as we accountants say, "in the red." The Shipping Board lost 149 millions in 1921, it only lost 53 millions in 1922—thus 96 millions saved.

But the thing is made even more exquisite by the fact that the Shipping Board's accounting system is such that no man alive knows within millions of dollars what was lost in either year. Again the Veterans' Bureau, which saves two and one-half millions by beating the junk man to Camp Sherman, and taking it from under his nose as a vocational school. Page upon page, column upon column, table upon table. One stands hat in hand. Such talents can only find their true scope in running a Russian printing press—where, it is alleged, money is made even faster.

Nor is this all. With tongue in cheek—for after all the General is an intelligent human being—but with impenetrable gravity, he hints at other and loftier savings. Which, under analysis, boil down to this. Savings by virtue of 1922 being further away from the armistice than 1921; savings from the sale of capital assets included as operating revenues, and hideously discounted; savings from the fluctuation of balance sheet items which can never fall under an operating category. Perhaps, who knows, the General scans the sky, 1,700 millions dropped in the lap of the taxpayer?

The Bureau of the Budget was designed to bring some order into the chaos of governmental accounting methods. It was hoped that certain economies would result from its work. It was not to be a budget which carried any measure of executive control in the European sense, but simply a super-statistical bureau.

There is no doubt that the worthy General did achieve some economies through his liaison purchasing committees in which all departments cooperated. The exact total in dollars and cents can never be calculated, but it could hardly reach a tenth of the "savings" set forth. The other nine tenths falls under the head of wit, humor and bull—the reverse English in short of the General's closing remarks:

> "The Bureau of the Budget is impersonal, impartial and non-political, and thus it must always remain."

STUART CHASE.

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The Evolution of Metropolitan Economy

An Introduction to Economic History, by N. S. B. Gras. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.45.

WHILE economic history has been one of the most fruitful of all the various phases of historical enterprise during the last half century, it has been developed under rather definite and serious limitations. For the most part, economic historians have shown admirable capacity to investigate and narrate in a scholarly fashion the detailed aspects of the development of a particular phase of a given economic system, but have rarely exhibited any evidence of ability to work out a synthesis of economic and social development in any given stage or type of economic evolution or to trace the genetic connection between successive socio-economic systems. This has been due in part to the fact that they have been too respectable and God-fearing to work on any hypothesis which savors so much of socialism and materialism as the economic interpretation of history, and still more to the fact that only in a few instances have they had that indispensable training in sociology which would have enabled them to work out the relation between the economic and other factors in society and to trace the genesis and mutations of economic and social systems.

The previous publications of Professor Gras on The Evolution of the English Corn Market and The Early English Customs System well illustrated the work of the conventional economic historian at its best—scholarly but highly specialized and only in part linked up with the general problems of the prevailing socio-economic order. But many of his friends knew that he possessed wider training and interests than these works indicated, in fact, that he had no little appreciation and no mean knowledge of sociology. As concrete proof of this he has now produced an illuminating series of chapter-essays on the economic evolution of Western society, describing typical phases of industrial and social development.

Professor Gras distinguishes some five chief stages in the development of the European economy. The first was the primitive "collectional economy" in which peoples "supplied all their needs by appropriating what nature had provided in the immediate district." The next was the "cultural nomadic economy" which was "distinguished by a combination of three practices, continuing to collect, roaming about and cultivating systematically a large part of the things which they needed." This age ushered in the so-called "historic" period. Third in order was the "settled village economy." This was reached "when residence in one spot is continuous from season to season, and is ostensibly permanent from year to year, when no change is contemplated, or is a part of the regular order of events." In its developed form in western Europe this has been known as the era of the manorial economy. The village economy was of two successive types—the free village and the dependent village.

> In the free village no nobleman, no bishop, no monastery claimed a whole village as exclusive property. Political chiefs existed and to these the villagers owed allegiance, but there was no feudal nobility, no class of landed aristocracy collecting rents and demanding services from the whole village. In the second phase, such aristocracy did exist and, indeed, when the phase was well developed, there was no land, no village, without a lord.

The fourth type of economy was the "town economy" or "the organization of many villages and one town, so as to constitute a single economic unit." Contrary to a widely prevalent belief, the basic function and characteristic feature of the town was its trading ascendancy and not its specialization in manufacturing. The most original aspect of Professor Gras's classification of the stages of economic evolution appears in his characterization of the fifth type of economy—the "metropolitan."

> We may think of metropolitan economy as an organization of people having a large city as its nucleus, just as a town economy had a town as its centre. Or we may put it this way, metropolitan economy is the organization of producers and consumers mutually dependent for goods and services, wherein their wants are supplied by a system of exchange concentrated in a large city which is the focus of local trade and the centre through which normal economic relations with the outside are established and maintained.

The modern economy is, thus, according to Professor Gras, not a national economy in matters pertaining to production and exchange, but a metropolitan economy, though the national state may still be regarded as the unit of economic administration. The rise of this metropolitan economy is traced in an illuminating manner through its commercial origins, the revolution in the technique of manufacturing, the development of new modes of transportation and the evolution of the modern financial and credit organization. This chapter is one of the best of the brief surveys of the rise of modern industrialism known to the reviewer. In itself alone it justifies the appearance of the book. It would seem that Professor Gras has adequately established his thesis as to the fundamental nature of the metropolitan economy and has amplified, if not introduced, an epoch-making contribution to the analysis and terminology of economic history. It severely challenges the nationalistic interpretation of List, Schmoller, Bücher, Ashley and others and represents an economic critique of the nationalistic bias somewhat akin to pluralism in political theory and to functionalism and regionalism in social theory. We may well hope that Professor Gras will follow this introductory treatise with a series of substantial volumes elaborating his suggestive treatment of economic evolution.

Only a few critical comments seem necessary to the reviewer. Professor Gras appears to have little or no acquaintance with the literature of the newer critical anthropology, and his earlier chapters distinctly suffer from having missed such indispensable material as Boas's analysis of the economic life of the Kwakiutl Indians or the work of Wissler on the industrial operations of the American Indians. There is also at times a little more than a safe and cautious use of the comparative method. Again, he adheres to the "stage" theory of history which has been expounded by Morgan in anthropology, Roscher and his associates in economics, and Lamprecht and Breysig in history. While illuminating in many ways this method of presenting material development is somewhat artificial and over-simplified. What Professor Gras describes might, perhaps, best be denominated "types" rather than "stages" of economic evolution. Finally, it must be admitted that the book is in form and content a series of admirable essays on certain typical phases of industrial development rather than a coherent and well-articulated introduction to economic history.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

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Whither Caillaux?

Whither France? Whither Europe? by Joseph Caillaux. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FRANCE is setting the pace for Europe. A military party is setting the pace for France. What chance is there of a Liberal revolt?

Caillaux has sometimes been proclaimed the best hope of Liberal France. Grant that after nine years the notoriety of the "Calmette affair" still clings to him. Grant that during the war he was accused of treason, and that the French Senate, having pronounced him guilty of "endangering the military security of the state," banished him for five years from the chief cities of his country. Caillaux, say his friends, is coming back. A pacifist rather than a conspirator when the war was at its height, he will ride the crest of anti-war enthusiasm with the turning of the tide.

It is this background that makes any book of Joseph Caillaux's interesting. The translation of the present volume happens to be drab. But Caillaux's staccato journalese comes to the top despite it. In paragraphs short and out of breath he sketches the perils that menace Europe. New tariff barriers are being raised between contiguous countries —"air-tight partitions between workshops in the same factory." Smouldering hatreds are fanned into flame. Europe is headed toward disaster. There is danger of an utter smash, even "reversion to the days of feudalism."

How to avert that crash is the problem of the statesman. M. Caillaux is alert but somewhat hazy. Free-trade has been an article of faith with him for many years; so he has no difficulty recommending "the suppression, or at least the lowering, of protective barriers." For the rest, however, his proposals lack decision. He believes that France can hope, at best, for no more than half the reparations carried in the Treaty. "And the balance?" he asks; but does not definitely answer his own question. Money, he thinks, should be rehabilitated by increasing gold production—"for reasons which we may some day have the opportunity to explain." War debts ought to be "distributed among the nations"—how distributed, he doesn't say—with interest "at rates varying according to the situation of each." And as if this weren't sufficiently indefinite, M. Caillaux goes on to argue that reparations, debts and money are only half-way matters anyway; what Europe needs is "a complete transformation." He has the plan.

> In every country an economic state must be formed within the political state, not above it, as has sometimes been suggested, but definitely subordinated to it. The next step—almost more important—will be to federate these economic states. . . . To maintain parliamentary assemblies with political powers (and only political powers), and to hand over to the new organizations complete control of the economic state—in a word, to *combine Western democracy and Russian sovietism—that is the goal to be reached.*

If this is Caillaux's program, and if Liberal France is indeed looking to him as leader, then Liberal France has a long period of probation coming. M. Caillaux prescribes for Europe half a dozen generalities and an Anglo-Russian flier in guild capitalism. He does not develop even in the most rudimentary fashion his theories of a pluralistic state. Nor has he the faintest notion of how to set it going.

> The time has not yet come to show how this might be done. . . . It will be achieved by different methods in different countries. . . . As soon as each nation has done away with existing privileges it will seek and discover the formulae best suited to its particular traditions and genius.

There is a book with M. Caillaux's title waiting to be written. It may not be so intent upon salvation via the building up of more and more machinery of government: more "institutions." But it will take its reader behind the scenes in France as no other post-war book has taken him. How characteristic of provincial France are those belligerent salvos fired by the Parisian press at the mere mention of reconciliation with the rest of Europe? How much does the peasant fear a war of revenge by Germany, and how much of that fear is the result of careful propagation? What are the methods by which the Comité des Forges wields its power over press and government?—Those are questions of the sort this book will try to answer. And it will be a useful book. For it will supply a better answer to Whither France? than M. Caillaux gives us. It will show the real strength of that military party which sets the pace for France, and through France the pace for Europe.

C. M.

The Problem of Sovereignty

The British Empire and the World Peace, by Newton W. Rowell. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Fiscal and Diplomatic Freedom of the British Oversea Dominions, by Edward Porritt. New York: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. $4.00.

THESE two volumes standing in such violent contrast as economics and idealism have a common denominator. They are studies in the problem of sovereignty. Mr. Porritt's book belongs unconsciously to the discussion: Mr. Rowell is explicitly conscious of it. This fact is something of a standard in comparative judgment.

The whole problem of the British Empire has been canvassed from every conceivable angle. Wise men have discussed it, the doctrinaires have exploited it and, fools have rushed in where angels have feared to tread. The real truth is that it can never be solved as long as we tie ourselves to outworn theories. The solution lies along lines of enlightened and elastic freedom from the past, and of the avoidance of stupefying the future with the soporifics of law. The central point is this: if writers are going to discuss the British Empire with anything like validity they must seek a new angle of approach. Mr. Porritt writes with dullness, not to speak of his inaccuracies.

His conception of the past is something like this: The great dominions wrung from a hard-hearted and perverse Colonial Office their economic, fiscal and political freedom. They lifted up ineffectual hands to a stern mother: they found the sweet intoxicating joy of a new political theory dashed from their lips by a strong prohibition paternalism. They longed to advance and the mother held them in the nursery. Even when advances had to come, didactic dispatches spoke of sorrows over them and wept over erring children. All this kind of history is fatal, because it is not only superficial but contains just enough truth to be

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pestilential. Mr. Porritt's own pages contract it. He does not see that in building up his hoary thesis he has let in light on British public opinion which at least almost till the close of the last century was biassed in favor of letting the colonies go.

It is high time that some protest should be lodged against the conception that the freedom of the great Dominions was due to their penetrating vision against the darkness of the mother land. The truth is there are always dangers in writing history if the contemporary political theory is overlooked: and Mr. Porritt is apparently unconscious that any such existed. But it is in the political theory that the history must be set. All down the so-called dreary colonial period, English thought was fast anchored in Austinism. No one could possibly conceive that sovereignty could be divided, that the Imperial Cabinet could share with overseas' cabinets its right to give the crown responsible advice. The hint of the problem Mr. Porritt could have found in the dispatches of Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Bagot, or in one or two early speeches of Gladstone and Stanley. He prefers, however, to hurl the problem into space: to isolate it from its setting: to dislocate the soul and body of the history, and the resulting book is neither history nor philosophy nor chronicle. The future historian—some Duguit or McIlwain or MacIver—will give us a true history of the developments of the British Empire—and it will be most true not because its facts will be correct, but because it will be written in close relation to the dominating theory which held sway in international law.

Mr. Rowell's book is a sound and carefully written work. He sees that sovereignty is divided: that the great Dominions are not only nations but possess very real sovereignties. The empire is neither dominion nor imperialism: neither lust nor sway: it is a League of Nations with a tremendous trust, in which each nation with its real sovereignty can contribute to the living hope of the future by trampling down forever the dragon of the absolute, all competent, omniscient state. He is not worried over constitutions, or restatements, or all the stock-in-trade of the a priori school of Young Empire builders who have tried to fit exactly a round table into a square room. He sees facts as they exist. His trust is in the future because his vision of things as they are is clear. Peace for the world can only come when the flapping of flags does not cut off the political view; when phrases do not lead to insanity; when patriotism has a bigger content than conceit; when men realize that the world is not broken up into water-tight sovereign states, that the body politic is conjointly joined in all its members, and that the fact of interdependence is the outstanding truth.

Mr. Rowell sees much of this. He is one of the few lawyers in the British Empire who has pushed out his boat on a sea of discovery. He is learning that wisdom is not in law books nor in judges nor in tribunals, but in that spirit of man, which needs only to be nurtured at the whole truth to give it strength to repel the germs of exploiters, fanatics, and swash-bucklers. There is indeed no comprehensive *loyalty*. That is the one comprehensive truth. Men must learn and will learn that no group, no government, no state, no theory, can make supreme and all exclusive demands. Life is the sum of interdependent loyalties, the total of relationships, and we enter into it when we love the brethren, not when we kill them either in the shambles of war or in the clauses of some treaty signed, sealed and delivered in old obscurantist diplomacy. The British Empire stands before the world as a unity today just because there is no all consuming sovereignty in it. Mr. Rowell's book is a distinguished and inspiring contribution to thought.

We wish we could share all his optimism. It is sad to think that at a moment when, as Graham Wallas says, biology is passing from the conception of "biological necessity" to that of "world cooperation founded on conscious purpose instead of blind struggle," General Lord Rawlinson, since Commander-in-Chief in India, is reported as having said that "war is a law of nature. From the very microbes in your blood to the great contests between nations the whole thing is a struggle for existence." We are glad to think that sovereignty is so divided in the British Empire that Canada has no responsibility for the appointment of a man who can scatter such ghastly plagues. Nor do we share Mr. Rowell's hope that the churches will help in the future. When we recall the church newspapers —Protestant and Roman Catholic—in all countries during the Great War we can only believe that Christ came on earth to bring not peace but a sword; and when we think of the prudish utterances of some divines or groups of divines on birth control we can only sigh non cum talibus auxiliis.

A review of this nature excludes detailed criticism. Mr. Rowell's book should be read by all who are peering into the future. It is well written and it is thoughtfully written. There is no index. We must protest to the Carnegie authorities against Mr. Porritt's book. He is quite welcome to his angle of approach. We think he is wrong and we have said so: but the mistakes in it are legion: the repetitions countless: the form confused: and the index is not only useless, but is as incorrect as the book itself.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

Reprieve

Under the Tree, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

"SHADES of the prison house begin to close"—and so of course we forget all about panthers under the bed and twisty trees that lean out sideways to watch us going home at night, and the desirability of crawling under a bush to stare at a rabbit. As our eyes become narrow with calculation we wonder more and more at the wide-eyed amazement of children—or else we don't wonder at all, accepting it as we do clothes and the times of day and all other habitual things. Such acceptance is the worst of all, for when we come to that we are in prison for life.

There is something like a reprieve in Elizabeth Madox Roberts's small book of poems Under the Tree. She is still a child (whatever her temporal age may be), bewildered by such wonderful things as a Sunday school picnic or a bush full of raindrops. The shortest poem in the book is this:

> The ants are walking under the ground,
> And the pigeons are flying over the steeple,
> And in between are the people.

Reading these three lines is like looking for the first time at a cross sectional drawing of a three-story house full of furniture and people, or a diagram of a three-story street with elevated, surface, and subway cars.

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It is this art of seeing things always for the first time that is at the basis of all perceptive poetry (and I doubt it there is any other kind), whether such poetry is bounded by the physical hills and fields that press in upon Miss Roberts's childhood town, or the dark illimitable horizons of the mind that gleam with fire or lightning for the greater poets. In this book of minor but authentic verse there are certain devices by which insouciance is achieved —charming irrelevancies and disproportions that violate all conventional values, frequent breaking of the rhythmical pattern, and a persistent use of such words as "little." If we read her book at one sitting and find these devices somewhat too obvious, we are as much to blame as the author. Her poems are sharp flashes of light on common things; they must come to us irregularly and unexpectedly, as they came to the child who wrote them.

She is the innocent centre of all things. Looking at a firefly she says—

> I never could have thought of it,
> To have a little bug all lit
> And made to go on wings,

and after telling us what she saw under a bush dripping with raindrops, she adds quite irrelevantly "And I got some rain in my hair." Since thoughts are mostly coordinate and parallel to the child-mind, an afterthought is as good a conclusion as any other for a poem in which things happen incredibly, irrationally, instead of running on a cog railway as they do for systematic grown up people.

It is not an easy world to get back into, that world outside the prison house of maturity to which Stevenson and Kenneth Grahame can take us so completely. Walter de la Mare can bewitch us with weird music, recalling our first thrill of wonder when we learned that pixies dance at night in the toadstool groves and that witches with sharp knees and broomsticks sweep over the chimneys when the moon is full. His, indisputably, are the enchanted half-lights of childhood, but he is always a magician rather than a recorder of plain facts in their first freshness. Miss Roberts's task is to make us hear "the shivery bells begin to ring" when the minister shouts from the pulpit, and to recount, item by item, the tremendous things we found on the other side of the hill where we went looking for strawberries.

WILLIAM A. NORRIS.

The Innocent and the Opinionated

The Wandering Years, by Katherine Tynan. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THE memoir is a prodigious form of criticism. It is rarely as fine as Mr. Yeats's recollections or Maxim Gorki's notes on Tolstoy; and as in these reminiscences of Mrs. Tynan, there are commonly a few grains for flavoring of that from which the dish should be made.

After one hundred novels, mentioned if not verified in her book, Mrs. Tynan rests well. She admits simply the loss of certain faculties; but she has not lost her chief talent, which is brightness. It lights her way as she goes from country-house to country-house, sleeping one night in Queen Victoria's bed, another night in Mary Queen of Scots'. Sometimes a bathtub overflows; and quips are made at the breakfast-table about Mrs. Tynan swimming to safety with a dispatch-case is her mouth. Nothing is really arrested by her mind. A kaleidoscope must work as kaleidoscopes do; this is not a gorgeous one, mouse-color, baby-blue, pink and daffodil; but he who takes the shapes up in his fingers discovers chips of glass, unordered and not very costly.

She looks at mighty convulsions with a dim but unshaken eye: the great war, the Irish wars, and what she terms stoutly the English revolution—scattered properties, sacrificed sons, daunted rulers, queer morals. "We saw Foch in another motor as we crossed the Park, and saw all the decorations of West and South London in the pleasantest way." This typifies her brief, enthusiastic and ephemeral contacts. Her chief lack as a writer is a system of exclusion, or at least a system of accent. Interest dies down before this fluent frictionless complacent motion. Her memory functions like a trotting-horse, fast and thin, but drawing very little behind it.

G. W.

Padraic Colum's Poems

Dramatic Legends and Other Poems, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

MR. COLUM'S verse treats of things far off in time and in place, but not in sentiment. It is full of echoes, now wistful and faint, now clear and ringing, from the Ireland of romance, the seer's Ireland, the island of birds and beasts that talk, of peasants who are born poets, of Little People, and of saints. It has the incongruous beauty of pageantry and of dream; we encounter an odd company, Barbarossa, Boabdil, Czar Lazar, Charlemagne, Arthur and Gaelic Finn; Jillin Brady and Esther Vanhimrigh and Queen Gormlai. To a varied and individual music these figures pass; now the freest of free verse, again, a variant of the Hiawatha meter; now a refrain,

> The hawk is for the hills, he cried,
> The badger for the glen;
> The otter for the river-pools—
> Amen, amen, amen!

worthy of Sir Walter, and now a ballad (Gilderoy) vaguely recalling A Shropshire Lad. This may seem to suggest that Mr. Colum is imitative; not a bit of it. He is a new player on an old instrument, and his touch is his own; he does not, like some of our new poets, cast aside all modes that others have employed; rather he shows us new possibilities in the old.

The poems are in groups; the sequence entitled Reminiscence is the most vivid and varied. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Colum's Ireland is partly Ireland and partly Avalon; he blends in one little volume the shadows of North Carolina forests and mists from the Aran Islands, and he transports us to one of those fair distant countries which we can see only in poet's dreams.

B. C. C.

The Red Garden

The Red Garden, by Henning Kehler, translated from the Danish by Frithjof Toksvig. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

MR. KEHLER has an eye, and fortunately he was in Russia in 1917-18 when there was much to see. Fortunately also, he does not spend effort in trying to explain the Revolution; he is too busy recording ex-

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traordinary aspects of human nature that appeared under this régime. He tells how an officer and a soldier sat at the same public table and how the soldier pulled out two or three of his hairs to throw into the officer's soup—twice; and then—no, not what you expect. He tells how an old woman accused a soldier of stealing her money and he was shot and she found the money in her stocking; and then—well, of course, she was shot too. But the details! He tells of a Rabelaisian feast among the Bolsheviki at Bjelof; of a troop of cavalry horses abandoned in a stable; of troop trains, trains of wounded, trains of migrants, moving across Siberia. More interesting still, he tells how the peasants in the village of Terakovo came to the idea of the soviet—and how it worked. A record, this, for the student of democracy! Strangest of all is the sketch that gives its name to the book. It relates Mr. Kehler's journey with the crew of an armored train, under the command of an ex-sailor and a seventeen-year-old ex-cabaret singer, going on business known only to themselves to Sviagorod. In Sviagorod the authorities were unveiling a statue in the Public Gardens. It is worth reading about, that statue unveiled by Dolly Mikailovna of the bobbed hair, with her Parisian boudoir on an armored train, and her pet rabbits—a statue of Judas Iscariot!

Besides his keen eye for the essential and the suggestive in a mass of details, Mr. Kehler has several other qualities to distinguish him among those who write of horrors. He is detached; he is objective; he is brief and moderate in statement, not without irony; and he has little to say of his own part. "The situation was not of the best"—apparently not, from the context. Where nine observers of a revolting scene would have turned adjectival, he sums it up: "He (an Englishman with him) said nothing and neither did I speak." It is this very reticence and impersonality that give force to the book. It shows us in dry light the absurd and tragic jostling of some of the human atoms in the Russian cataclysm.

E. R.

Contributors

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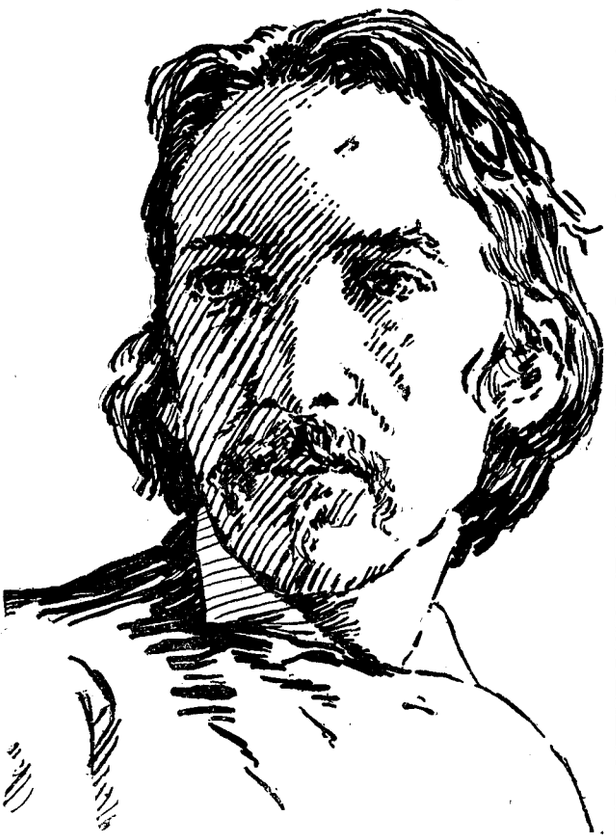

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